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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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On Being a Continent

WE are made by the winds; or at least, winds make the weather, and weather controls energy which is the active principle in man. American winds are the winds of a Continent and carry reminder with them. New England Aprils are swept back into the bud by glacial torrents that have roared over the snowy mountains of Gaspé and the Laurentians; the slow moving airs of August have trembled over the corn of the vast Western plains; and Southern gales drive through our sky the tumbled cloud masses of the Tropics and the Trades. Emerson sniffed the electric West in the winds that crossed the Berkshires and remembered that New England was only a province of a great country. The great Northwest blows through Chicago, and birds that go South by the coastline may come home by the Mississippi route. It is impossible to be an American without feeling the pull of a vast geography—except for New York that cannot see beyond its Bronx, and the Pacific Coast where east-sweeping rains and thoughts alike drop at the Sierras.

A little country, an island country, like England, is conscious of its bounds and proud of its variety. This "blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" is all that the nation possesses as its own; therefore, the most is to be made of its diversity: Yorkshire moors and their harsh possessiveness, the lush richness of Somerset, Sussex doggedness, Cornish peninsularity, Cockney London. An island, or a land enringed like France, early learns to reckon its human assets, and preserve its idiosyncrasies. Normandy is not lost in Paris in Maupassant and Flaubert, nor the Midi in the North. England, even in industrialism, is not standardized; it is inconceivable that France will ever be reduced to level scale.

Nor is America standardized in spite of alarming tendencies. Rather, intellectually speaking, it is in the stage of centralizing which Europe passed through in the eighteenth century, when boundaries still seemed wide. We value homogeneity, we seek a common pronounciation and a like style of business letter, we wish to read the same books and magazines, because the continental winds blow over us and we realize instinctively the centrifugal forces of our home. Transportation held together the Union: journalism and education are striving to keep together the American race.

In literature this has its disadvantages. There is much aping, too strong a desire to write from the viewpoint of New York, and—to go deeper—a lack of sturdy individualism, so that, however local may be the subject, it is impossible to say, *this* is New Englandism, *this* is Kansas, and *this* is the spirit of the South. Of course, such attributions are printed daily on the slip covers of new books, but the idiosyncrasy is not within, or it is only a mannerism of style or subject. We are determined just now to write continently, hence the pioneer "epics" and books in which New York is rather emphatically a metropolis with a capital M.

This is a bit premature. There will be no American epics yet. We shall have to be a people first, and the Civil War and immigration have pushed that event into the future. We shall have to become a race before we can appreciate diversity. Just at present the current runs toward Americanism, which does not mean being like the Old Americans, who are beginning to be unpopular with our patriotic societies since they have been reminded that the ancestors believed in revolution and free speech,—but being like each other. When Cleveland grows less like Detroit, and Philadelphia stops resembling Boston, we shall be in the next stage. And that will come when the Pacific and the Atlantic press upon us as the seas upon England, when we are at home in peopled spaces, and find it a little undistinguished

(*Continued on page* 865)

Ghost Actæon

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I was led by the willow,
I was haunted by the pool;
In the sunlit shallow
you shone white as wool;

you glowed alabaster
in the shadows of the stream;
the hounds of disaster
bayed through dream.

Vase of light adored,
O the haughty throat,
beauty like a sword
as you smote!

Glory unreturning,—
Your eyes were so
blazing, burning
on the foe,

I forget the legend,
I forget the pain;
the silvered sedge-end
is the same,

then beauty beyond bearing,
on an instant of amaze;
all the goddess flaring
from your gaze. . . .

So the hunted haunting
in the lack of light
seeks again that daunting
through the night

and only forest answers,
and the moonlit crag,
to the spectral tossing antlers
of a belling stag.

This Week

"Matthew Arnold."
By *C. E. Montague*

"The 'Business Cycle' Problem."
A review by *Irving Fisher*

"The Closed Garden."
Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd*

"Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers."
Reviewed by *Isa Glenn*

"Parson Weems of the Cherry Tree."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins*

Next Week, or Later

"Debunking the Psychological Novel."
By *John B. Watson*

Lighting Darkest Africa*

A Review by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY
University of California

THE resurgent interest in Africa indicated by this sheaf of non-fiction volumes proves that we are in the midst of a new epoch in the history of the once Dark Continent. We have passed the ages of myth, of discovery, slaving, interior discovery, and conquest, and are now in the colorful stages of the travel book. None of the other continents has had quite the history vouchsafed to the nearest non-European mass. For some four hundred years it lay practically neglected in the scramble of the expansionist nations who followed the wake of Columbus. True, the Portuguese made rapid progress in their West African kingdom following the efforts of grand old Prince Henry, but the lure of Oriental spices and the slave trade confined the Lusitanian imperialists to the coast. The interior was passed by unknown, feared, and unappreciated, until just about the last half century.

There has indeed been no dearth of explorers and missionaries, nor of adventurers and slavers throughout the centuries. Half a try at the bibliography of the continent will convince the most casual searcher that if all the books on Africa were piled together they would make a very large pile indeed; but neither explorers nor books made much impression upon events or the African interior until the humanitarianism of the past century struck first at the slave trade and in so doing convinced the colonizing peoples that the time had come to annex large segments of the shoreline, and prepared the way for penetration of the jungled river courses leading inland.

During the long process of humanitarian emancipation the great powers made spectacular territorial gains. First of all England laid the foundations of that empire which, beginning at the Cape, trends now northward and northwestward, breaking impatiently against the still undeveloped regions of surviving Portuguese tenure. France, recovering from the temporary setback of the loss of her eighteenth century empire, began the slow process of weaving together into an almost unbroken whole the great Sudan, the Sahara, and the Mediterranean shore, about forty-five per cent of the continent. England and France, first and second in rank as colonial empire builders, began anew an acute competition for overseas dominion. These two great powers, inheriting by force of arms and the lucky strategy of their position on the Atlantic, that expansionist dream first dreamed by the too-soon exhausted Iberians, are the great arbiters of African destiny. Between them they rule over that Islam which stands face to face with Christendom in "Outre Mer."

Their problems are of profound interest to us Americans. We are free from the European political heritage, happily free from slavery and colonialism, though we are still shying a little nervously at imputations against our own recently-born, but oft-denied imperialism. With the narrowing of the seaways today we cannot fail to react with concern

*ALGERIA FROM WITHIN. By R. V. C. BODLEY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. 1927. $4.
DESERT WINDS. By HAFSA. New York: The Century Company. 1927. $3.50.
TIMBUCTOO. By LELAND HALL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $4.
TRAVELS IN NORTH AFRICA. By NAHUM SLOUSCHZ. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. 1927. $2.50.
SAVAGE ABYSSINIA. By JAMES E. BAUM. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1927. $5.

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when they meet the problems of white dominion over the dependent non-European areas. How they solve them spells the future of the race. For a thousand years prior to the Discovery the expansionist force lay with Asia; for the last four hundred it has lain with Europe. By the success or failure of France or England will be determined whether Europe shall some day return to its status as an Asiatic peninsula, or whether a new form of imperial unity shall merge all world interests under the leadership of the progressive nations of the day.

All but one of these books are concerned with the Frenchman's problem in North Africa; four of them are from the American point of view. The English have got most of their great empire beyond the precarious stage of dependencies safely into the Dominion fold, though Egypt and India are still to give some dubious moments as they unfold their evolution. The British control of dependencies relies on the indirect method, most happily exemplified in Northern Nigeria under the great colonial governor Sir Frederick Lugard. There, hostile emirs were removed in favor of other claimants who would recognize British tutelage; these native officers are sustained under British administrators, but their prestige is not lowered. The French in general, especially in the black areas, are usually more direct in method. Even in Morocco and Tunis, protectorates with Arab population dominating, the native control is less real than in British crown colonies. In the Algerian southlands the Arab sheik possesses an influence approximating that of the emir of black British areas.

* * *

These travel books are not expositions of colonial administration, but not one of them fails to see the profound significance of the colonial problem. Mr. Bodley's book on Algeria is a study of practically the oldest French area in Africa, where the Dey of Algiers brought the conquering hosts upon himself by striking the French consul in the face with a fly swat over a mere debt to French-Jewish bankers. Now Algiers is become, not a colony nor a protectorate, but an integral part of the Republic, nucleus of Greater France in Africa. The author has a most self-satisfying knowledge of his sheep-raising business, of the land and of the people. Over and again he perseveringly insists that he will not criticise the French administration; he even avers that while the methods surprise, results are admirable. He finds a civilian and a military government working hand in hand under the governor general, an anomaly which, in spite of the complexities of their India administration, he infers the British could beat hands down. Bodley finds this governor possessed of only nominal authority, forgetting that he is really head of all French policy for the whole of North Africa, and that the realms beyond the Sahara come within his purview as chief liaison officer between those lands and the home legislature.

One is peculiarly fascinated by Mr. Bodley's book for reasons not intended by the author. As a guide-book it is fair, but the intriguing feature is the utter Britishness, the stern, even dull, practicality of it. It gets down to the realities, without imagination or fine flavor. We learn what the Arab wears next his skin and how many times a year he changes it, and that he even keeps it all on while he sleeps—"Algeria from Within" with a vengeance. Accounts of Arab custom, marriage rites, and infelicities, are told in such straight-away style as to make one ponder anew upon that ponderosity which has made our splendid Britishers conquerors of empire, but has left so many of them spiritually untouched by the variety and richness of alien civilizations.

* * *

Hafsa's "Desert Winds" touches the note which Bodley just misses, feels but can't express. Both authors guide the inquisitive voyager through the outlandish; both are struck with the richer radiance of desert life and color. Hafsa's pen-colorings glare a little, like an African sun overhead, with prismatic effects that dazzle, yet she writes literature instead of guidance. One has time to loiter for a legend told as Washington Irving phrased the tragedies of the banished Moors of old Spain.

Both these witnesses have equal faith in French administration. It leans wisely on the native. The sheik, basic unit, represents the tribe in all phases, and becomes the fundamental part of the Arab Bureau which controls down to the Sudan. So, the religious orders, Les Soeurs Blanches and Les Frères Blancs among them, engage in simple utilitarian ministrations without effort to proselyte. How mightily the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would have responded to the missionizing of Europe if this had been the ideal! It was the genius of the notable Cardinal Lavigérie, Christian and imperialist, who set the mold of modern African evangelism.

The best of "Desert Winds" is its interpretation of Arab civilization. Glimpsing the psychology of Islam, it sets forth anew the notable contributions of that historic culture. What we owe to it in chemistry, medicine, mathematics, and astronomy is pretty generally realized. Why did it all stop so suddenly? Hafsa's explanation, that the spirit of science died because the Arab preferred the dignity and the philosophy of desert isolation, is only half an explanation. It was hardly preference, but necessity, that drove Islam out of the current of life. How, if the desert was the beginning of Arab culture, could it also be its end? The Moors, driven from Granada, wept, not with joy at prospect of return to the star-swept glories of the sands, but at their failure to hold what they had won. That failure was due to Europe itself. The key to the present cycle of history is motion, and this fell into the hands of the Occidentals once Columbus had dreamed his dream. The sword was snatched from Islam by the crusaders of Iberia, who bore it with the cross to the uttermost reaches.

Leland Hall, formerly of Timbuctoo and earlier of New England, is a Yankee Don Quixote. Off for the heart of Africa simply for the purpose of being there, he responds to stimuli which most of us feel often, but let Yankeedom inhibit. There was indeed a half-formed ambition to cross the Sahara, but official circumspection anent hostile Touaregs forbade; so there is still a thrill left in Africa for wanderers. Time was when Timbuctoo meant all the mysterious, in the days of our 'teens, when we were growing up on Stanley's and Livingstone's records of travel. To day all is so ordinary that Hall goes on the white man's railway from Dakar, takes boat at Bamako, and finds an eight room house to rent in the old university town at two dollars a month. Our problem of professorial sabbaticals is solved. There will be a hegira, but no mystery. Hall is like Hafsa and Bodley in the bright sheen of his word painting of the kaleidoscopic lights of the desert. Timbuctoo is little more than strange light, waved in from endless sands, blending all ancient splendors, into one red-brown, but gritty unity. Here the blacks of the Sudan mingle with Arab, Maure, and Touareg, but it is essentially a black man's land.

* * *

The remarkable thing about Hall is that he took with him no white man's complex and came away unscathed by the black man's impudences. True, he had no salvation to carry, as did his missionary friends, nor authority to maintain, as did the government people; hence no need of defensive armor. Came to his quarters men of every stripe and breed, for curiosity and conversation's sake, and to guzzle his (free) thick sweet tea. To them all he was *sui generis* because he wanted nothing, and, though white, was not rich. Omar the servant, Baba the Thief, Mohammed the Touareg, came as near loving this erratic world-wanderer as adult men come to it anywhere. But, though he felt the call of the desert, and even thought of staying, he came away baffled, and why? Because men esteemed him, not so much for himself as for the use he could be to them; the formula of approach, from gutter urchin to sheik was "Donnez-moi cinquante centimes," or variations thereon. The universals of Piccadilly, Broadway, and Timbuctoo are universals after all.

No dilettante traveler was invited on "The Black Journey" of the Citroën expedition. It was a business affair of binding together the great French African empire by beating a path with eight caterpillar tractors through midcontinent from Algiers to Mozambique. It was a great feat, outdoing the British Cape to Cairo exploits, one of the recent participants in which could even be a woman. We are now forever done with the days of Mungo Park, René Caille, Barth, De Brazza, Nachtigal, and their scores of emulators. There is scant danger to be found; and yet it is something of a task, requiring two or more preliminary attempts before lines can be set and supplies be moved forward for the grand effort. About 17,000 miles were covered in seven or eight months, there being several destinations for the groups into which the caravan broke as it neared the eastern shore. The French Colonial Corps was ably aided by cooperating Belgians, Britishers, and Portuguese. Ethnography, geography, medicine, zoology, all contributed and were served, but the main purpose was to initiate communication through the center of the continent. Essentially a diary, the book is a succession of pictures of the bizarre scenes of desert and jungle, black sultanates, French forts, and mighty struggles to make headway. Here was pioneer movement in the unification of the continent. The best way to put this new land at the service of civilization is through cooperation, not rivalry.

* * *

But the long distance which the black man has to travel before he joins us in cultural unity may be shown by a single passage taken from the field of the spiritual.

> Touched by grace, a native requested . . . to be baptized. Now he had three wives. When the Father explained that this was incompatible with the dignity of a Christian, he returned to his village, thinking hard. A few days later he came back, beaming with joy. "You can baptize me now," he told the missionaries, "for I have only one now; I have killed the two others."

James E. Baum's "Savage Abyssinia" is an authentic record of the Field Museum Expedition which in 1926-27 secured no less than thirty-eight hundred specimens of fauna, many of them new to science. The scientific importance of the expedition is immense, and the story is on the whole well told, in spite of the author's quaint insouciance concerning the better graces of English construction. Even to this old land the stream of travel turns, to the ancient seat of Prester John. Remarkably, this savage country lies just outside the white man's conquests, despite the fact of its early contacts at the opening of the Portuguese expansion. The rulers, professing direct descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, would keep it so. How this will square with the ambitions of Mussolini we shall see. Baum's interest is in the type of society and its prospects to a degree, but his chief concern is with the Walia ibex and the nyala; as scientific huntsman he saw color, drama, and virility in the entourages of such puissant chieftains as Ras Tafari and Ras Hailu. We now have an American firm going in to make a huge dam in the Blue Nile, with English and Sudanese complications, so there will be more of Abyssinia in the day's news, and more of travel and financial penetration.

Nahum Slouschz began his "Travels in North Africa" before the establishment of French authority over the wide desert reaches, continuing them intermittently until within the recent past. This is a Jew's record of the status of his coreligionists in the whole reach of the Mediterranean shores and the Sahara. It is an illuminating study of conditions which impel the generalization that the culture of a people can be detached from influences of race and religion. This sounds rash; not Mr. Slouschz says it, however. He draws a simple picture of hunted unfortunates, under the heel of the Turk until the Rumi came, and not yet living as human beings ought to live. It is a scholarly book, full of sympathy but void of mawkishness, the only fault to be found being that it is one long repetition of misfortune and degradation. The African Jew has little save faint tradition to bind him to his race in other and more favored regions. Yet he has a unity, and, with the French attitude, possibly an opportunity to come into the fringe of civilization again. In the more settled regions, and along the coast, his lot has vastly improved, though he remains a creature apart. In fact, the evolution of Africa remains, through the juxtaposition of Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Hebraism, a tremendous strain upon the capacity of the human race to dwell together in accord.

"Rudyard Kipling," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "is partly responsible for the appearance of a book of Indian memories, 'The India We Served,' by Sir Walter R. Lawrence, which is to be published this month by Cassell. It was Kipling who persuaded Sir Walter that he ought to make a book of his memories of famous men whom he met during his official life in India. They include Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Curzon and other Viceroys, and his stories of these and other people whom he has known, either officially or privately, make a very lively volume of reminiscences."

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The Immortal Parson

PARSON WEEMS OF THE CHERRY TREE. By HAROLD KELLOCK. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ALL unconsciously, Parson Weems was one of the most comic figures of the early republican era. His contemporaries took him seriously; Lincoln, who split rails to pay for a copy of the life of Washington, doubtless read him without a smile; and it has remained for our own slightly ribald generation to discover how funny he was. Mr. Kellock's book is written, as it should be, in a spirit of mirth. To be sure, the fabulist had his serious side. There was a period when he forsook the invention of moral anecdotes about the great to act as the principal agent for John Marshall's four volume work upon Washington, a sober labor indeed; and his exertions in the pulpit were serious enough, though they did not please such severe judges as Bishop Meade. But as a literary workman he was unfailingly entertaining. He could not set pen to paper without producing something which, while it improved and edified his own age, is now irresistibly amusing.

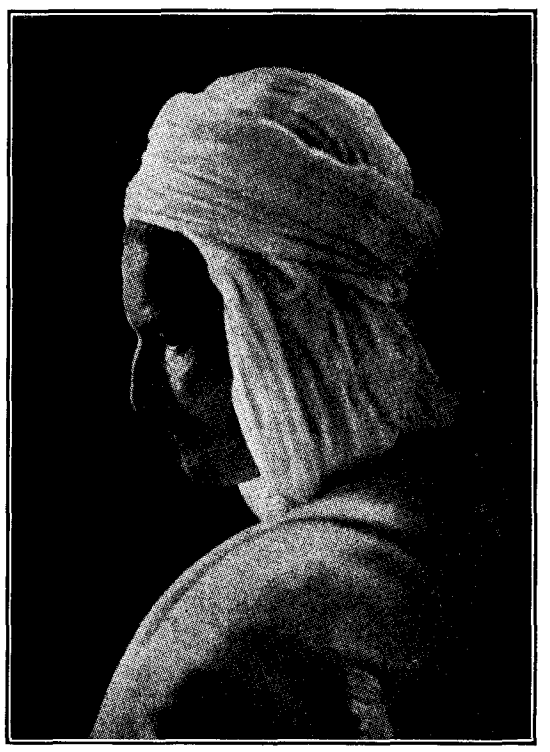
* * *

We can discern in Mason L. Weems's literary career the customary "three periods" or at least three phases which graduate students writing doctoral theses always point out. He began as a peddler of culture, selling other men's productions throughout the South from a cart: tracts, travels, political pamphlets, and medical publications. Then he turned to writing for himself, and began producing a swarm of fugitive booklets in a style that enables us to call him the T. S. Arthur of Federalist days. They included blasts against the rum demon, excoriations of adultery, sermons against gambling, descriptions of connubial bliss, and even a few productions in the political field—"political love powder for honest Adamsites and Jeffersonites." A good deal of information upon the social life of the period is bound up in the moral pamphlets. For example, we learn from the essay against strong drink that about the year 1800 Americans had at least twenty synonyms for drunk—boozy, groggy, blue, damp, tipsy, fuddled, haily gaily, how came you so, swipy, cut, got his wet sheet aboard, cut in the craw, high up picking cotton, and so on. But Weems really found himself when, in the third phase, he produced those astonishing lives of Washington and Francis Marion which gave him immortality. Two million copies of the "Washington" circulated, within a few decades, among Americans who read it with solemn fervor. It will go on circulating for generations to come among Americans who will read it with explosions of laughter.

Whether the "Marion" or the "Washington" is superior as an incitement to mirth is a nice question which Mr. Kellock does not decide. The hatchet story is of course one of the lesser gems of the former book. It does not compare with the anecdote which shows young Washington lecturing his schoolmates against the shocking and scandalous evil of fighting. What must our tender parents think, cries George, when instead of welcoming us "smiling and lovely, the joy of their hearts, they see us creeping in like young blackguards, with our heads bound up, black eyes, and bloody clothes!" It is far, far below the final account of how Washington was received in heaven after his death; "the brightening Saint" carried up "swift on angels' wings," welcomed outside the pearly gates by "myriads of mighty angels with golden harps," and greeted "high in front of the shouting hosts" by "the beauteous forms of Franklin, Warren, Mercer, Scammel, and him who fell at Quebec." These patriots devoured him "with their eyes of love," and embraced him "with transports of tenderness unutterable"; "while from their roseate cheeks tears of joy, such as angels weep," rolled down. The life of Marion sparkles with many jewels also. The great soldier, we are told, was at his birth "not larger than a New England lobster." Taken to the West Indies in a schooner, he and his mates fell in with a whale, who hit the ship such a mighty blow with his flipper that it instantly sank. Marion then floated for eleven days in an open boat with no water, and on being rescued and revived with "chocolate and turtle broth," immediately began to grow as a normal child should. But doubtless the best thing in either book is the account, in the "Washington," of how word of French and Indian hostilities reached George III: Swift as the broad-winged packets could fly across the deep, the news was brought to England. Its effect there was like that of a stone rudely hurled against a nest of hornets. . . . From queen's house to ale-house, from king to cockney, all were fierce for fight. Even the red-nosed porters, when they met, bending under their burdens, would stop in the streets, to talk of England's wrong; and as they talked, their fiery snouts were seen to grow fiery still, and more deformed. . . .

The news was brought to Britain's king just as he had dispatched his pudding; and sat, right royally, amusing himself with a slice of Gloucester and a nip of ale. From the lips of the king down fell the luckless cheese, alas! not grac'd to comfort the stomach of the lord's anointed; while, crowned with snowy foam, his nut-brown ale stood untasted beside his plate. Suddenly as he heard the news the monarch darkened in his place; and answering darkness shrouded all his court. In silence he rolled his eyes of fire on the floor, and twirled his terrible thumbs. . . . Starting at length, as from a trance, he swallowed his ale; then clenching his fist, he gave the table a tremendous knock and cursed the wooden-shoed nation by his God! Swift as he cursed, the dogs of war bounded from their kennels, keen for the chase.

After all, it was well for Weems that he was a fabulist, a legend-maker, and not a sober historian. Had he written about Washington as carefully and prosaically as John Marshall or Jared Sparks did,



A PURE TYPE OF ALGERIAN ARAB
From Hafsa's "Desert Winds," (Century).
(*See Opposite Page*)

he would now be forgotten. Mr. Kellock has gathered together all the information upon his life which research can discover, from the days when he did *not* serve with his more patriotic brothers in the Revolutionary armies to his final peaceful years in Beaufort, South Carolina, where he died in 1825. It is not a long chronicle—some two hundred pages—and there is not a line in it which lacks sprightliness and interest. It does justice, in every sense, to one of the most picturesque and engaging figures in the long line of literary liars.

Sea Pictures

OLD SHIP PRINTS. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. With fifteen illustrations in colour and ninety-five in black and white, from The Macpherson Collection. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1927. $15.

Reviewed by CAPT. DAVID W. BONE

IN the course of a walk upon Fifth Avenue, and noting the display in the shop windows, one is immediately impressed by the faith of the printsellers and furnishers in a strong and flowing current of sea interest. From gaudy (and obviously shop made) models of the *Santa Maria* to the sailor-fashioned square riggers, from chromo seascapes to the fine modern paintings of Sommerscales, Patterson, Julius Olesen, and a host of rising younger marine artists, from early ship prints to Briscoe's etchings, the "note" of deep water and far voyaging is plain. It is a commendable interest and one to be furthered. Mr. E. Keble Chatterton's handsome volume, Old Ship Prints, should do much towards that end for it is well and interestingly written, the reproductions are excellent, and—in general make-up—one could hardly conceive a better example of the printer's art.

The Macpherson Collection of sea prints, charts, and pictures has been the subject of keen press comment for some time. It is valued at about $500,000. The fruit of a lifetime of search and acquirement, Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson, the ardent collector, has decided to place it upon the market. A subscription fund has been established in Britain to acquire it for the nation. There are heart burnings in fear of its disposal abroad. Rumours of substantial offers having been made from the United States for its purchase heighten the interest of otherwise dispassionate individuals: it is a "front page" matter.

Be the destination of this magnificent collection where it may, such books as "Old Ship Prints" can do much to assuage any chagrin as to its ultimate disposal. In "The Sea" by Frank C. Bowen, many of the choice prints have been reproduced. Commander Robinson's "Naval Prints" contains another selection. Now Mr. Chatterton comes forward with a further contribution. Piecemeal, perhaps, but very much better than no bread, for it is a fact that books may reach—and satisfy—many earnest students debarred by distance from the source. Admittedly but a selection, "Old Ship Prints," as annotated by Mr. Chatterton, is a treasury of information for those who can read it aright and ponder the circumstance that led to such intimate portrayal of a day that is gone at sea. For sea and ship prints are peculiar in one important respect; that they are drawn largely in retrospect, or from information, often from the vivid description of an authentic eye-witness. The marine artist (read " Dauber") suffers many pains and vexations in pursuit of his subject. Landscape painters have their grounds: the scene to be depicted by them may vary from day to day, but there is choice for the artist in the range of the seasons. The figure painter has no very difficult task in the "material" arrangement of his sitter or model. However well the marine artist may study and record the seen moods of the sea, his subject matter, fleet as the wind or changeable as the sea itself, is not readily captured. He must rely upon a very profound visual memory, or call to his aid a sea mentor skilled in detail, as well of the ship and her furniture as of the movement of the sea in its relation to the trend of clouds and the lean to leeward of a pictured vessel. Ignoring, for the moment, the artistry of composition, and considering alone the historical value of a sea picture, how much an ardent student of ships and the sea can gain from the study of detail in sail and tackle, of rig and appurtenance.

I have memories of an effort to delineate a ship of my young days; in the quiet hour of the first dog watch before the light failed,—of bending over the lid of a seaman's sea chest and striving with rude ship colours to line out a representation of my ship, the while my watchmates stood around and held me to a straight and proper course in the cut and plane of sail and the intricacies of standing rigging. No matter that my clouds were woolly and unreal, that my sea was over-rigidly aligned, my painted ship was technically correct, else I had held myself up to scorn as a patent landlubber. And so doubtless with the print makers. On the very frontispiece of "Old Ship Prints," "An East Indiaman's Quarter Deck," one notes the vessel's live stock, rump to windward (as always when untethered), resistant to the squall that thunders overhead. Only a sailor painter would know the way of cattle in a ship.

But perhaps, as a reviewer, I dwell overmuch upon the informative value of the prints in this fine book. The longing eye is equally well served by their beauty. "Dutch warships at sea. From an etching by R. Nooms (or Zeeman) 1675" is singularly impressive. Seaman Nooms had other gifts than a faithful hand in recording the way of life he knew so well: in texture and composition, his prints are not often excelled by even the landward masters of the day.

It would be difficult to name a better informed commentator upon sea history as revealed in these prints than Mr. Chatterton. Many curious naval manners and customs are made plain to the reader, and an intimate knowledge of sea affairs permeates his writing. But it is in the rôle of guide to the student and embryo collector that he is chiefly to be admired in this work. From Bernhard von Breydenbach's pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1483 to the great race of *Defender* and *Valkyrie III* in 1895, he traces the long thread of man's effort to record in picture the shipping of his day. It is a happy circumstance that one so well versed in sea lore should combine with it a knowledge of the many processes of pictorial representation, and be able to comment upon ship prints from both points of view.

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The "Business Cycle" Problem*

A Review by IRVING FISHER
Professor of Political Economy, Yale University

THIS book marks the culmination of a series of books by Foster and Catchings purporting to expose a fundamental flaw in our Economic System and to solve the problem of the "business cycle." The previous books were: "Money," "Profits," and "Business Without A Buyer."

The central thesis of the authors seems to be that, in order to keep industry going and expanding, enough money must be put into the hands of consumers to buy the constantly increasing product, but that, in our "money economy," savings tend to prevent this; yet, they say, savings are indispensable for expansion. There is thus a "dilemma of thrift"; to the extent that people save individually, or through corporations, "consumer purchasing power" is diminished. That is, there is "under-consumption," goods cannot be sold because they cannot be bought; there is depression of trade and unemployment. Therefore, it is argued, we need somehow to increase "consumer income."

The authors connect their theory with the supposed fact that there is productive capacity enough to make the world highly prosperous if only that capacity could be utilized; and they think it could, if the money for consumers could be provided. It is, they think, only, or chiefly, for lack of this consumer income that we are still so far from realizing our productive capacity and that we have periodic depressions.

They have been keenly disappointed because economists have not taken them more seriously. Before issuing their last volume they offered a prize of $5,000.00 for the best adverse criticism, thus challenging the whole world to show wherein they were wrong. The judges were Owen D. Young and Professors Wesley Clair Mitchell and Allyn A. Young. In all 435 essays were submitted. The prize was awarded to R. W. Souter, teacher in the University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. His essay and three others have been published by The Pollak Foundation.

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And now, in the "Road to Plenty," the long-heralded remedy is presented. Like its predecessors the new book is ably written and very readable. Unlike them, it is put in story form. It gives a supposed conversation in a Pullman smoker in which a Business Man, a Professor of Economics, a Workingman, a Salesman, a Lawyer, a Congressman, and a Farmer participate.

In this conversation the Business Man represents the authors and the Economist the authors' critics, while the chief function of the others is to supply the gallery and to interject questions to the discomfiture of the Economist and the glory of the Business Man. The Economist is badly worsted and finally converted. All conceivable objections are set up and knocked down and all ends happily.

This last book of the series is evidently a popular epitome of the whole. While primarily aiming to supply the cure for the disease or diseases diagnosed in the previous books, it also repeats, in miniature, the diagnosis itself.

Now it sometimes happens that a remedy is right when the diagnosis is wrong. An old judge once said to a young lawyer just appointed to the bench: "Never, when you can avoid it, give the reasons for your decisions. Your decisions are likely to be right; but your reasons for them are likely to be wrong."

It is my belief that the decision here rendered by Foster and Catchings as to the practical action they would have us take is substantially correct and will be much more widely accepted than their reasons for it.

In brief, the proposal is that, under Government leadership, construction work shall be planned long ahead, that such work shall be pushed energetically in times of actual or impending depression to absorb the unemployed, or those threatened with unemployment, and that money and credit shall be issued for such purpose sufficient to sustain the requisite consumer purchasing power.

A Federal Board is proposed to watch business conditions, gather statistics, and, when it sees fit, to borrow money and expend it upon public works. This Board is not to be the Federal Reserve Board as that is organized only to "finance production," while the authors claim that their proposals "finance consumption."

Not only do I think the main proposal sound in principle; but I subscribe heartily to much of what is set forth so clearly and readably in all the previous books. There is little with which I am not in accord in "Money," while the first half of "Profits" seems to me one of the best presentations of the essential rôle of the enterpriser in modern civilization which I have ever seen. I also wish, despite their apparent errors in economic theory, to express my admiration for the authors' persistence and, above all, for the fine public spirit which actuates them. If there were more such enthusiasm for the public good among business men of their high intelligence and standing the world would be led more rapidly to solutions of its practical economic problems.

* * *

But I cannot follow the economic analysis of the authors. Their tragic picture of a chronic tendency toward a shortage of consumer demand is, I believe, misleading. I cannot see that thrift has much to do with business "cycles."

Suppose, following the method of the authors, that there is one all-embracing corporation. This corporation is engaged in planting crops on which the community lives. The only costs of production are for the labor of planting and the only receipts are payments for the finished crops one year later. Besides, the laborers are the shareholders who own the plant or ranch.

For every $1 of cost, or wages, paid out this year in planting, there will be, next year, $1.10 of full-grown product sold, thus giving 10 per cent. interest, or profit, in the year. Every year 100 millions of dollars in money are paid to the laborers and 10 millions of dividends to the stockholders, or a sum total of 110 millions. The following year the same 110 millions are paid back to the corporation for its finished product—the grown crops—100 millions coming from the laborers and 10 millions from the shareholders. There is interest in this community, but no savings. The outward flow and return flow of money are both $110,000,000, year after year.

A disciple of Foster and Catchings who saw this manuscript in its early stages, asks me: "But where does the ten million dollars come from, corresponding to the accretion in interest value? Does the accretion of values necessarily produce the circulating medium equivalent?" Perhaps these questions may be a revealing shaft of light, although I am not sure that the authors and their disciple see eye to eye. At any rate, the accretion of interest is in the crops, not the money.

* * *

But now suppose that the corporation decides to pay no dividends for a year. Instead, it decides to plant more, spending in wages for that purpose the $10,000,000 which otherwise would have gone into dividends.

It may get this new labor either from overtime of already existing laborers or by hiring the formerly idle stockholders themselves if they are willing. This last is what we shall here suppose—chiefly to fix our ideas.

Then $110,000,000 are this year spent for labor of which $100,000,000 goes to the old labor and $10,000,000 to the new. The product in the following year, if reckoned by the same 10 per cent increase as before, will be worth $121,000,000. How can this be bought? The old laborers can only buy their usual $100,000,000—which is all they have received. The stockholders, as new laborers, will have received only $10,000,000. There is therefore a shortage of $11,000,000. This belongs to the stockholders as such. But how can the stockholders get this sum in money? Without it how can they buy the remaining product? Corporate saving has seemingly resulted in a shortage of buying power. This is the nearest I can come to the authors' "dilemma."

It is true that the corporation lacks the $11,000,000 to pay the stockholders until it has sold to them the product, and it is true that the stockholders lack the $11,000,000 to buy the product from the corporation until it has paid them the dividends. But if I owe you a million dollars and you owe me a million dollars we scarcely need each to get a million dollars in order to settle. There are many ways of financing. Merely one dollar circulated fast enough back and forth between the corporation and the stockholders would, theoretically, liquidate the debt of each to the other. Since, as a matter of practical fact, it cannot circulate fast enough, more money is needed to match the expansion of business. There is, then, this grain of truth in the authors' main thesis, whether the growth is due to thrift or anything else. Savings expand business and expanded business requires more money. It is also true, under our gold standard, that this money expansion cannot always be wholly in the form of credit. Assuming all the gold fully utilized already, some of our labor and other productive powers must be devoted to mining more gold.

But we must not imagine that we have to undergo the labor cost of producing a gold dollar for every dollar of savings. One per cent as much would be ample. Since money circulates about thirty times a year, a business community in which $110,000,000 flow back and forth between corporations and consumers, making a total flow of $220,000,000 per annum, would require a fund of money and credit in circulation of about $7,000,000 of which the actual gold reserve needed would not exceed $1,000,000. An increase of business of 10 per cent, such as has been here supposed, would theoretically require a 10 per cent increase in this gold stock. But this is only $100,000, or one per cent. of the year's savings of $10,000,000 which caused the need of more money by increasing the volume of business. The burden is light. The "shortage" of money traceable to savings, *via* business expansion (even if we include, with the authors, all the money and credit and not simply the gold) is negligible compared with the many shortages and surpluses due to other causes. Such tiny "shortages" as actually result from expansion due to savings could hardly generate a business cycle. And their feeble tendency in that direction would be felt only through a fall in the price level.

* * *

What is needed is to keep the money supply such as will make the price level stable. This seems to be the authors' real problem though they seem to mistake it for something else. And it does not much matter where the new money flows into the circulation, at least not until, or unless, there is, from other causes, a breakdown and unemployment. So far as I can understand them, therefore, the authors have not discovered the secret of the so-called business cycle nor have they discovered any royal road to plenty.

It is true that we seem always to be producing far inside our productive capacity while there are millions of the world in need.

But part of this supposed excess capacity is an illusion. It is good business to build our plants beyond immediate needs, to take care of "peak demand" and future growth. Without such a factor of safety we would all suffer inconvenience.

It is also true that many businesses could, and would gladly, expand all around if they could sell the product. But they can't and their inability is not altogether due to lack of "consumer income." It is often due to lack of consumer education. The purveyors of such novelties as cash registers and adding machines have always wanted to expand far faster than they could. But first their sales forces had to educate the public to the uses of these devices.

* "The Road to Plenty." By William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $2.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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No pouring of money into the consumers' laps would have led them to buy.

"But," our authors might well reply, "while this may be true of novelties, staple goods could readily be sold if only the buyer had the money." But here we come to the ugly question of distribution. It is true that even food may be unsalable while millions are starving and that if those millions were provided with purchasing power they would buy with alacrity.

What is here implied? Merely that if these millions of hungry persons were presented by others with more income, more food would be sold. But our authors are not, of course, thinking of such redistribution. They are thinking, or believe they are thinking, of a general increase in production. Yet the thought which haunts them is that, if some potential consumers are in need and some producers are inside their productive capacity, something must surely be wrong. Perhaps. But if so it is in the distribution of "consumer income," not in its shortage, all along the line. How can the naked, starving millions of China and India be clothed and fed? The only way these poor people can be permanently relieved is for them to produce either food and clothing for their own wants, or some other needed goods to exchange for food and clothing. Only when they themselves have produced the wherewithal to satisfy their wants, will their wants be satisfied. The fact that others have the productive capacity to feed and clothe them, and to spare, will not of itself solve the problem. And no mere adjustment of the money supply can solve it.

In conclusion, it seems to me that the authors' analysis does not go far toward explaining the evils which they seek to remedy, but that, nevertheless, the remedy is a real one. As supplementary to plans for stabilizing employment seasonally, plans for unemployment insurance and plans for a stable price level, it has a real and important part to play in flattening out the "cycles" of business.

What a Young Wife—?

DEAD LOVERS ARE FAITHFUL LOVERS. By FRANCES NEWMAN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ISA GLENN
Author of "Southern Charm," etc.

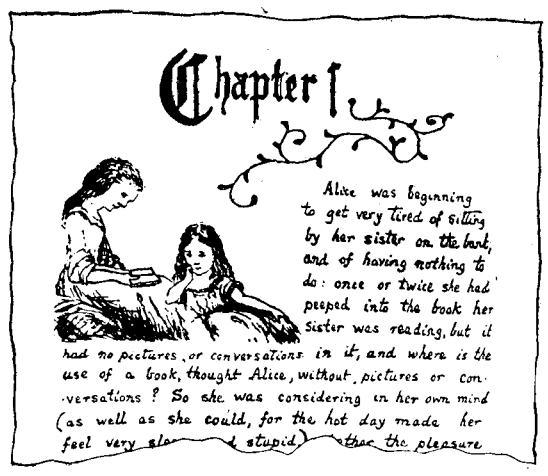
MISS NEWMAN'S books are profoundly shocking to the masculine mind and appalling to the feminine mind. And all because they have frankly to do with sex. But, since the Great War, the subject has become so fashionable that we are quite used to it. Why, therefore, in judging a book, should we revert to all shades of mauve decades and say: "This book was written by a man—this book was written by a woman?" Let us go a little further: if Miss Newman's books were written by a man, would they arouse such stupendous controversy, such excoriating criticism? This is leaving out the question of whether or not one is amused by the book under review; and no one could fail to be vastly amused by her stories.

This is leaving out the question of whether or not one admires her style. We shall consider, for a moment, the subject matter of her enormous sentences. If she had not a very real and sly humor, possibly fewer persons would read to the end of this book; for the story is slight. But she has true wit; and it often becomes coarse, and we cry out against a woman who could write such quips. If a man had written the same things, it would be a collection of morsels over which to wink and to whisper. But the writer should be, in fact, unsexed, at least in so far as the reader is concerned. Here is a book; it is written by a person named Frances Newman; and it should not matter in the least that the first name of this author is spelled with an *e* instead of with an *i*. The writer is named F. Newman, and has written of the inner qualms of a woman in love. Why not? We might as well know the low-down on this terrific nausea that we call love.

In "Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers" Miss Newman has gone exhaustively into the subject. It is the story of Evelyn Cunningham's love for her husband; and Evelyn Cunningham is a one-man woman, and therein differs from Miss Newman's "Hard-Boiled Virgin." She is an extremely sensual woman, boldly done. But all of her sensuality is turned on her husband, and finally, midway of the book, turns her husband out on the loose. It isn't his fault that again he falls in love with a sensualist. He doesn't count; he is, throughout the story, a pawn in the hands of the women.

There are moments when Evelyn Cunningham veers to the rôle of a modern blesséd damozel—a Dante Gabriel Rossetti bride with a passion for white flowers. If, four hours before the marriage ceremony, her mother had not come to her bedside for the customary maternal instruction on "life," Evelyn might have so contrived that her faithful lover could stay alive and faithful to the end of the story. The mother ran true to the form of the early twentieth century. Her talk on "life" was made up of that advice now given — when the law is not listening in—by Margaret Sanger; it skipped lightly from hillock to hillock of embarrassment, and contained nothing more worth-while than the aforesaid line, supplemented by admonitions on the value of forming the habit of slipping out early in the morning—for so long as the wife wished to keep her husband's affectionate regard—and making a careful toilet so that he shall never see her rumpled from sleep. In those days, and under the guidance of the mothers of those days, a girl entered upon her initiate with her head crammed to bursting with a dizzy new idea of men. They were half angels and half devils, and, being so divided, not even one little fraction of them was human. I do not know that Miss Newman intended her book to be a treatise on the lasting effects of that customary talk on "life;" but treatise it is, and one of great fidelity.

The book contains not much more dialogue than the "Virgin," which contained none. But Miss Newman's style is a rippling stream of talk. To read one of her novels is to come out of it with the


Chapter I
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and what is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations? So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sle[illegible] stupid) whether the pleasure

The Original First Ms. Page of "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.

feeling in your head that she has been chuckling through a rather viciously gossipy hour of talk on her friends and acquaintances. You could sit down at a tea table and tell such things on your friends; and your friends lucky enough to be present would thank their stars that they were not as those others—absent. Her work has a verisimilitude. Obscurity, of course, in this way of telling a story; but then, at the end you are not sure you have read a story because of your suspicion that you have sat in at a women's anatomical discussion. Possibly this is the reason for the persistence of the rumor that Miss Newman uses her friends as models.

A Distinguished Writer

THE CLOSED GARDEN. By JULIAN GREEN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

HAPPILY for authors and their readers, there are a number of ways in which a given story may be told, and one very good way has been, perhaps, too much neglected by modern novelists—even by those modern novelists who have so far betrayed themselves as to traffic in stories. By a "story" I mean an imagined action having recognizable completeness: an appropriate beginning, a rise in interest to something in the nature of a crisis or climax, and a solution or ending that may be "happy" or "unhappy" but must be logical and felt to be more or less inevitable, granted the characters and the circumstances involved. Now stories, in this sense, have of late years been little in favor with our more sophisticated writers of fiction. What, for an instance, is the story of "Jacob's Room"? What is the story of "Antic Hay"? Nevertheless, many excellent modern novelists have told us stories—Joseph Conrad among others; but their methods of telling them have often been oddly, one might almost say perversely, tortured and indirect. One favored method has been to let some imagined onlooker, supposed to have been thrown into casual contact with the imagined action, discourse at large of the whole affair, and it is an added subtlety if this onlooker be supposed a rather muddled narrator—not quite clear as to what really did happen, yet much given to worrying at it, puzzling over it, making varied and incompatible surmises. It is imperative, too, that this chance onlooker should begin his haphazard narration *in medias res*, should start by telling us that he will never forget the first time he saw the hero or heroine putting salt on his or her grapefruit: it was at the Café des Trois Magots at Tarbes-sur-Bex, and he had happened to glance across to a neighboring table just as the Hon. Arthur Ponsonby, whom the narrator had once had pointed out to him in Moscow, before the war, was passing the salt to (the hero or heroine to be) with an expression which our seldom quite articulate narrator can only, for the moment, present to us as "indefinable." . . . Well, that is one method, but there are others even more abstruse. And there is always "the stream of consciousness"—that Stygian river coiling out from the swamp of the unconscious and on through the flatlands of futility to lose itself at last in the Sahara of utter boredom!

* * *

But to return, briefly, to what I began by saying was one very good way of telling a story—a way perhaps too insistently avoided by modern novelists. In this neglected method of story telling the writer of the book begins by assuming that he is himself the best person to do the narrating, since, in the first place, he either found or invented the story, collected or created the characters, and may therefore be presumed to know all about it. Then, having made this not unreasonable assumption, the author starts at the beginning and tells his story through, in orderly sequence, simply, objectively, to its predetermined conclusion.

It is the significant return to this unexpected method of story telling which is the first thing to be noted in the two sober and powerful novels of young M. Julian Green—the second of which, "Adrienne Mesurat," translated as "The Closed Garden," now stands before me. I say "young" because this American who writes in French is not yet thirty. There is nothing young, nothing tentative, in his craftsmanship. He is not, publicly, trying to find himself; he came when he was ready, and he is here. As he grows older he may well be moved to write novels which include phases of life less restricted than the rather special cases he has so far chosen to study. One feels every confidence that any aspect of life he chooses to consider will be well within his range. On the other hand, he will not easily improve upon his present mastery of direct, forceful, moving presentation. He is neither a "precious" writer, nor a "brutal" writer; he is an extraordinarily able, honest, and vivid writer. He simplifies perhaps too rigorously; but he forces nothing, he neglects nothing. He is already an artist who gives us life. It remains only to be seen, as the years follow, whether or not he is to be a great artist—that is, one who gives us not merely isolated and simplified aspects of life, but life in its amplitude, life more abundantly.

Naturally, his French and American critics have discerned formative influences. They mention the Brontës, they speak of Balzac, Flaubert. It is perhaps Balzac that in certain respects he most resembles; but a Balzac stripped of irrelevant dissertations, pseudo-philosophical pomposities, and the somewhat fatiguing worldly swagger of a man who is somehow great in spite of himself. There is no surplusage, no bluff, no swagger in Julian Green. It is doubtless also true that he will never equal the monstrous fecundity, the creative fury of Balzac's titanic and vulgar soul. There can be only one Balzac, one presumes—and, indubitably, one is enough.

"The Closed Garden" is the story of a shut-in, cruelly repressed young life. Adrienne Mesurat is only eighteen when we first meet her, and within the year she ends in madness. The relentless progression of the book toward its hideous catastrophe is almost intolerable. I can think of few books which offer less relief to the feelings of a sensitive reader, for to read it is to believe it, and to believe it is an experience in torture. Yet, though it deals wholly with morbid lives, this book is not a morbid book. The mind of the man who made it is sane and clear. And I shall be greatly mistaken in my present estimate of M. Julian Green if this cool sanity and clearness does not eventually lead him beyond his immediate psychological interest in the obsessions and tragedies of the isolated and repressed.

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Matthew Arnold

WALKING with an elder brother in the streets of Oxford in my youth, I was struck by the looks of a tall, oldish man with the shapeliest features, the stoop of a scholarly Jove, and an air of the most distinguished melancholy. "That's Matthew Arnold," my brother said when we had passed him. My heart had already told me that it was some one illustrious.

It was wet at the time: I could not kneel down on the Merton Street cobbles. Still, I turned round at the name and adored the Olympian back with all my eyes till it vanished round the corner of Oriel. For no italics, no capitals, not all the massed resources of typographical emphasis could tell you the fervor with which we swore by Arnold in those remote eighties, unless we were such as swore by the rival and comparatively sulphurous godhead of Swinburne. Was it not Arnold who in one famous and beautiful sentence of prose had doubled, to our sense, the beauty of our own Oxford, "whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages?" And was it not he who had taught us the delicate fascination of doubt and the tremors, the thrills, the delicious venturings and flutterings of spiritual trouble?

Remember, Arnold flourished at a time when people of education had pretty well lived down the original shock and distress that were caused by the first serious work of scholars on the Bible. The process, as someone had called it, of robbing millions of pious souls of their hope of eternal damnation had already entered on its second stage. It had almost ceased to be seismic or cyclonic. It was becoming more tranquilly detergent, erosive or decompository. And now, as promoted by Arnold, it had a sensuous beauty that charmed the young mind. Lit with the softened light of an imagination more tender and brooding than fiery, lustrous with the burnished older scholarship, twinkling with quiet ironies that seemed to take you ever so flatteringly into the confidence of a spirit august beyond words, the scepticism of Arnold had beautiful manners and entrancing tones. We are told that Ophelia could turn "Hell itself" to "favor and to prettiness." Arnold went one better and extracted those delights from the tragic decline of that institution.

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The late George Russell, the last of great Whig wits, and himself a devoted High Churchman, told a friend that "Arnold's wish to believe, coupled with his inability to do so, was one of the most pathetic things I have ever known." The good Russell need not have grieved. Many men and women derive enjoyment from ill-health; but to the proper temperament a congenial complaint in the body is, as a source of agreeable emotions, nothing to a gentle malady of the soul. "Let us sit upon the ground," says the most human Richard the Second of Shakespeare, "and tell sad stories of the death of kings." Let us sit, says Matthew Arnold to himself, upon the window-seat of our hotel at Dover and tell sad stories of the death of faith. And so he does, and writes the lovely lines of "Dover Beach."

> Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin, and cease, and then begin again,
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in.
>
> The Sea of Faith,
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.

And he enjoys himself immensely, as anybody would who was writing such good lines. And if anything had interrupted him while doing it, even the first trump of a new and completely re-assuring revelation, he would have murmured, like Richard, "Beshrew thee, that dost lead me forth From that sweet way I was in to despair." For no one is unhappy in the act of writing delightful things. Nature makes no mistake about that. She wants to have everything good and takes care that man, at any rate, shall have more pleasure than pain in carrying out this admirable purpose.

A writer will often tell you that this or that meritorious production of his has been written in agony. A classical case is Tennyson saying in "In Memoriam" that the composing of it was a mere

> mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

Don't believe him. Nothing so good as the good parts of "In Memoriam" was ever done like that. To say that it was is like Boswell's saying that he would suffer vexation if he were in Parliament and saw things going wrong, "That's cant, sir," said Johnson.

> Clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, "Sir, I am your most humble servant." You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, "These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times." You don't mind the times. You tell a man, "I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet." You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in Society: but don't *think* foolishly.

In Tennyson's and Arnold's age, and in the company they kept, there was a mode of talking as if

MATTHEW ARNOLD
By F. Sandy. Courtesy of Robert Fridenberg.

artists of every sort ought to go about studded with visible and audible tokens that their heart was in their work and that every emotion to which they offered an expression was genuinely gnawing at their souls. In this way poor Irving, the great tragic actor, had to go about, all his life, with a manner and look that almost amounted to a suit of sables; Tennyson had to be always the mourner for Hallam, Browning the optimist, virilist sage, and Arnold the heartbroken outcast from the snug household of faith, wearying in spiritual wastes of sand and thorns. They all kept it up very well, and none better than Arnold. But it must have been, at bottom, just what Johnson called a mode of talking. When any one of them was working at his craft, at the top of his form, he must have been in ecstasy, as every other artist is, as Fra Angelico was when he painted a picture of Heaven, and as Orcagna was when he painted a picture of Hell.

It was this ecstasy, too, and not merely certain charges of new theological explosives, made in Germany, that Arnold, in prose and in verse, could communicate to our minds. That was how he gave us medicines, as Falstaff says, to make us love him. Under his winning conductorship there was intellectual luxury to be got out of tottering creeds and melting rigidities. Walter Pater, though his mind was travelling at the time in the direction opposite to Arnold's, had lately ventured to diagnose an exquisite fascination in states of decay—a faint and fine aroma as of immemorial oak panelling and fading tapestries. Arnold taught our adolescent sense to snuff up some such delectable fragrance among the fragments of the orthodoxy which he shattered for us with a grace and courtesy so remarkable. It is important, says Bacon, to have your garden some plants of the sort that smell sweetest when trodden upon; Arnold filled our gardens with a scent of nice crushed Fundamentalism in an age when that redoubtable word was yet unborn.

There was another suave chain that bound us to Arnold. I mention it with some diffidence in a much-altered world. We were notably serious, and Arnold's seriousness kept us in countenance. You may say there are always some serious young men. Yes, there are, even now. Some men are born to be serious, others achieve it, and others have it thrust upon them by economic and other forces. But seriousness was "the done thing" at the English universities in the 'eighties. It was the mode of the day. Carlyle had sown the seed; Browning had watered it; Ruskin had helped to give it increase. T. H. Green was dominating Oxford with a philosophy that escorted you straight to the life of good works and honest endeavor. Arnold Toynbee was founding a whole school of new social service. Rossetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, diverse in other ways, seemed to be wholly at one on the point that the cult of beauty was a most serious, if not an anxious and mournful, affair. So seriousness became the only wear. If you were of the kind that conforms, you soon decided that life was real, life was earnest; you took horse to hunt the Beautiful and Good with your young friends—just as persons of similar temperament are deciding to-day, like the Jolly Beggars of Burns, that "life is all a variorum: little reck we how it goes." Even the reprobated disciples of Swinburne practised their loyal little dissipations with some gravity. So Arnold was the very man for us—Arnold with his "stream of tendency making for righteousness;" Arnold who called all the world's poets up to be judged by their measure of "excellent seriousness" and ordered off the muse of Burns himself to the house of correction because of her shortage of this solid quality.

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I never saw Arnold again. He died a year or two after. And presently I had to turn to and work—a novel experience—and found that work was a heavenly game and that everything was remarkably well with the world, so far as it dealt with me, though some of its other arrangements seemed to admit of improvement. In this Elysian condition I somehow lost the habit of reading my Arnold and gazing with a luscious melancholy at

> this strange disease of modern life,
> With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
> Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts.

I could not tell why. I could only suppose that, as Benedick said of his failure of relish for bachelorhood, a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. But after a time I knew better, or thought so. For something was said which, as soon as I read it, I felt to be just the truth that I had been missing.

It was said by William Watson, the poet. Arnold had been buried close to the Thames, and Watson was praising the choice of that bland and composed country-side for the site of the grave in preference to the stern Cumberland hills, which the dead had loved too,

> 'Tis fittest thus! for though with skill
> He sang of beck and tarn and ghyll,
> The deep, authentic mountain-thrill
> Ne'er shook his page.
> Somewhat of worldling mingled still
> With bard and sage.

Yes, I said to myself; that was it. And perhaps it was just what had most charmed one's uncritical youth. For youth itself is apt to be worldly, unsure of its own presentableness, timid lest it be out of the swim and remote from the centre, wherever the centre may be. And Arnold had never failed, in one's youth, to give one that peace which the world *can* give—the restful sense of snuggling up close to a centre, of being taken right into a perfectly irreproachable "set." Oh! of course a most un-

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By C. E. Montague

materialist set; a set cultured up to the nines; a set as grandly free from mere gross common snobbishness as it had been from the raucous uncouthness of any poor "Philistines"—"outside our happy ground." But always a true set, elatingly exclusive, heart-warmingly superior. You felt, while you read, as if the right people had taken you up. In your glee at his majestic chaffing of spiritual boors and intellectual guys, of the young lions of popular journalism and the grim ways of Black Countries and of crude reformers, you melted agreeably into a set which you felt to be supremely eligible. Of course you were no common intellectual climber, but still you had sensations distinctly allied to those of Thackeray and his Arthur Pendennis on coming to town and finding themselves securely elected to Brooks or to the Megatherium Club. You too were enormously "in it."

"Why not?" you may very well ask. "Has not the art of every considerable writer a core to be reached? And must not the joint quest of this heart of the rose become a conscious fellowship of souls in some sense or other elect? And what else is a set?"

And yet there is something more in it. I fancy it arises from a certain special tinting of Arnold's own consciousness while he wrote—a delicate suffusion of his genius with charity towards what is dominant in the polite lettered caste, the caste which has mastered the secret of making the things of the mind—a favorite phrase of its own—live at peace with what Burke calls the pomps and plausibilities of this world.

"But," you may object again, "was not Arnold the tireless critic of his country and his age, the life-long arraigner of British limitedness and complacency, the crier of woe upon the darling mental vices of the principalities and powers of his world?"

Yes, he was a quite sincere and quite good-sized Isaiah. And yet he wore the prophet's robe with a difference. He never let it look outlandish, as so many prophets have done, in the extravagance of their absorption in the primary business of saving mankind. Arnold's camel-hair raiment was always extremely well cut and he ate his locusts and wild honey with conspicuous refinement. It seems to have been necessary that Moses should kill an Egyptian before he could lead Israel out of Egypt with adequate authority. But Arnold would never have killed an Egyptian—nor even a Philistine. He would have dined out with all the best people in Egypt or Philistia, appraised their fleshpots with intelligence, and delighted them with his vivacious conversation. As the adroit William Penn described—and possibly invented—by Macaulay found means to stand well at the court of the persecuting James the Second, so did Arnold keep in with the world that he chid. It liked entertaining him and he must have given, in these polite exchanges, as good as he got, for he could be charming.

* * *

Long after I had first read that revelatory stanza of Sir William Watson's, Arnold's letters were published. And they, too, threw a light. For I found an unexpected resemblance between their effect on my mind and the effect of the extremely different letters of Dickens. You may remember the all but religious ecstasy that fired the pen of Dickens whenever he touched upon the remarkable satisfactoriness of the box-office receipts at his lectures. We all like money, unless we are fools, but greater love hath no man for money than glowed in those artless cries of the great heart of Dickens. In some of these letters of Arnold's I seemed to feel glowing—not indeed that ingenuous gusto of Dickens, but something distantly akin to it— a pure white gem-like flame of delight in knowing all that was nicest in the great world of his days. No arrant tuft-hunting, of course; no downright stalking of lions, as lions; only something remotely related thereto, as the practice of Shakespeare's Old Gobbo was to actual rapine—"indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste." Arnold was always a rather poor man, as things went at that time in England, though among French civil servants and poets he would have counted as rich. And "depend upon it, my boy," as Major Pendennis said to his nephew, "for a poor man there is nothing like having good acquaintances." Like many other men of high intellectual gifts, Arnold was ballasted with a just proportion of Major Pendennis's practical wisdom.

No shame to him, either. At any rate, he that has in him no grain of the staple alloys of this world, let him throw the first stone, for I am not throwing. I touch on the matter only by way of exploring the origin of a just perceptible flatness afflicting at times the fine bell-like voice which was engaged in crying "Woe!" here and "Woe!" there so engagingly and so often. People, especially very young ones, warn us to-day to keep out of the error of thinking that a man's life and his art have much to do with each other. And yet—so obstinate is nature, so careless of current critical fashions—there does somehow creep into R. L. Stevenson's elegant family prayers and handsome harangues on practice and on morals a very slight queerness of *timbre*. It may not amount to a positive crack in the soul-animating trumpet. It only goes far enough to commute the last thrill, the supreme dose of awe in our minds, for a sup of savorsome amusement as we think what manner of man this moralist was in his life—how equally prone with us all to walk in the ways of his heart and in the sight of his eyes. Those who knew Thackeray in the flesh had consumed with the same piquant sauce the full meals of domestic virtue served up in his novels. And even those who had not known him, but still were sensitive readers, had been either tickled or put off, according to their several natures, by a certain still, small falsity of intonation that infests his celebrated commination services against the pomps and vanities of the great world. For the waters of moral elevation refuse, as flatly as do other waters, to rise higher than their source. No Stevenson can, by any elocutionary skill whatever, produce the authentic thunders of a Knox. And Arnold, too, had his appointed or acquired limits. He could never be tremendous. If he tried, you felt something was wrong, though you might not be able to say what it was till you read, long afterwards, one of his letters and thought to yourself that his were not the social valuations of the major prophets.

* * *

Within these limits set, perhaps, by a natural vein of timidity and by the best English upper-class education, what power he had! What beauty he commanded! And, in the main, how thoroughly he was on the right side! It is easy work to poke fun at his habit of crying up "sweetness and light;" but, after all, is there much to be said, on Europe's post-war experience, for the alternative cult of sourness and gloom? And if Arnold were not a distinguished Victorian, but a young author just rising above the horizon, what a refreshing spice of originality we should find in his frank preoccupation with matters of conduct and in his unconventional preference for conduct that is reputable.

Our literary criticism now is passing through a lively little epidemic of inverted priggishness. In fiction the rather lecherous hero, the gallant young fellow who forges a cheque, the charming woman with several young children who commits adultery for some tenuous reason, are very much in the mode. And the critic who wants to be in mode lays it down that on no excuse is an imaginative author to betray a warmer liking for straight livers than for scrubs or polecats. Now, "this sort of thing," as the attitudinising critic and poet says in the comic opera, "takes a deal of training." It is like pirouetting on tip-toe. It is not natural to man. The natural man quite simply and frankly prefers those bus-conductors who do not steal people's change to those who do. He has an unreasoned general liking for monogamic women and for the man who can keep a hold on himself. Scold him as you may, he feels an unaffectedly greater enjoyment in the company of people whom nobody would want to blackball at a club. He finds such company more interesting. When he tries to acquiesce in the fashionable theory that the words "good" and "bad" in the moral sense, are obsolete solecisms, he feels as if he were trying on an extremely tight boot. What a thrill he would get from any unconventional pioneer who let fashion go hang and said that conduct was three-fourths of life, that most of us spend the greater part of our time in thinking out what we ought to do in this or that case, and that literature is only losing the way and going off to dawdle in blind alleys when it ceases to take count of the fact! Let him come to Arnold with a fresh mind, and that thrill will be his.

His, too, will be a liberal measure of poetry's most characteristic delight. What the greater genius of Scott did for the Lowlands of his country, and that of Hardy for Wessex, that Arnold did, as De Wint did it in paint, for the southern English landscape of meadow, river, down and beach, with its contained and friendly amenity and the mild melancholy that becomes an heirloom of a countryside long settled and intensely humanized. His poems not only give this landscape reality; they give it a share of the transfigured, enchanted reality attained by the river gardens of Bagdad when a boy first sees them in the "Arabian Nights." We are all heirs to the loveliness of the visible world; but only by process of art can we be inducted into possession of this large estate. Some authentic poet or artist has to intervene and give the property its rights and empower it to attain perfection in our sight. Whatever his limitations, Arnold was poet enough to do that to the country he knew. From the Cotswolds to Dover, England shines with an increase of beauty that is of his giving.

Mr. C. E. Montague is the highly esteemed author of "Fiery Particles," "A Hind Let Loose," "Right Off the Map," and "Rough Justice." He is a liberal journalist, a critic of distinction, a stylist whose English has been rightly praised.

The shadow of Matthew Arnold's great authority has extended far beyond his own generation. It is fitting that a new definition of his influence should come from a mind ripened—

. . . in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife—

the mind of a liberal English thinker who knew the pre-War world and has most incisively considered our own.

There has been no adequate and comprehensive book upon Arnold published in recent years. The late Stuart P. Sherman's "Matthew Arnold, How to Know Him" (Bobbs, Merrill Co.) may be consulted with profit. The Macmillan Co. are publishers of Matthew Arnold's works, and his Life and Letters.

Imperfect Sympathies

EUGENICS AND OTHER EVILS. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $2.50.

LATEST CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By Frank Harris. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

NEITHER these two books, nor their authors are any more alike than the Scotchmen and Quakers grouped by Charles Lamb under the same heading as persons with whom his affinity was incomplete. One may suspect that on personal acquaintance Mr. Chesterton would be likeable and Mr. Harris would not. Mr. Chesterton's security of being wholly right, and those who differ from him only lacking that minute modicum of common sense needed to see how wholly wrong they are, is the reflection of very earnest beliefs; whereas Mr. Harris seems to be affected with a "superiority complex," a rather egregious egotism. Still the imperfections of my sympathy probably start with that aggressive infallibility tending to bumptiousness and common to both. Moreover, my antecedent indifference to Mr. Chesterton's opinions on eugenics and to Mr. Harris's on his contemporaries, if not the same, is nearly equivalent.

Antecedently I already know what those opinions are and would rather hear Mr. Chesterton on some other subject. Effective argument needs some realization of the strength as well as the weakness of your opponent's position. Eugenics is a grave issue, and Mr. Chesterton's vivacious artillery leaves the

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target undisturbed. He is at his best when writing about a person—such as Dickens—or a subject so definite that tropical fertility of illustration cannot confuse the trail or camouflage the goal.

Antecedently I have already met with a number of Mr. Harris's Portraits of Contemporaries, but they all look like Mr. Harris. They abound in conversations purporting to be between Mr. Harris and some distinguished victim, but sounding only like Harris conversing with Harris: somewhat as Mr. George Moore summons Mr. Gosse to be a submissive "little pitcher" in Ebury Street.

In this volume of the "Portraits," Mr. Harris's admirations and contempts seem very erratic, but one does not mind that. It is a welcome discovery that he has warm and genuine admirations and is not all disgruntled. Still one feels that he was at his best in certain short stories written years ago, where his self-conscious, *quasi* Byronic personality was not so much in view, and in that volume in which he developed an interesting theory about Shakespeare.

If "Eugenics and Other Evils" throws no new light either on eugenics or Mr. Chesterton, at least it shows Mr. Chesterton's brilliancy still unfaded and unjaded; and to anyone who happens to be already equally positive in exactly the same opinions, it is probably a book after the desire of his heart. Mr. Chesterton happens to be an irritant rather than a stimulus, and the imperfection of my sympathies with Mr. Harris is hopeless. Charles Lamb made this distinction in "imperfections," that he could not like Scotchmen at all, and could not like Quakers to live with right along—admitting that it might be in both cases a regrettable limitation.

A Military Writer

GREAT CAPTAINS UNVEILED. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. (Atlantic Monthly Press.) 1928. $3.50.

REPUTATIONS TEN YEARS LATER. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. The same. $3.

Reviewed by a U. S. Army Officer.

CAPTAIN HART is one of the best English military writers and his monumental work on Scipio Africanus will be remembered. The six great Captains who are unveiled are Genghis Khan and his general Sabutai; Gustavas Adolphus and his great antagonist Wallenstein; Marshal De Saxe and General Wolfe. The author's style is pungent and there are no dull pages.

We are given a full description of the organization and tactics of the Mongol army with which Genghis Khan, often with inferior forces, conquered an empire greater than Alexander's, and the famous Karismian campaign is narrated. The army of the conqueror was composed entirely of cavalry—shock cavalry and cavalry with missile weapons — and rarely fought on foot. Sabutai, who conquered for his master thirty-two nations and won sixty-five pitched battles, is almost forgotten, yet his war of 1241 against the Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians, and Germans was a masterpiece of strategy and tactics and repays careful study. His opponents were wax in his hands and he never allowed himself to be drawn into country where his method of warfare would be at a disadvantage. The deduction that the author makes from these campaigns is that "superior general mobility when allied with hitting power is both a more powerful and a more secure tool than the mere loco-mobility and defensive power of an army founded on infantry." Hence for present warfare he advocates the use of a single highly-mobile arm such as the tank or the aeroplane. From which it appears that Captain Hart is a heretic. But so was Luther.

Marshal De Saxe, one of the great bastards of history, was unfortunately never pitted against a great general. He is best known for his victory of Fontenoy in which the legendary Irish Brigade figured. His ideas were far ahead of his time as his posthumous work, "Reveries on the Art of War," shows. This book which Carlyle with his usual wrong-headedness called "a strange military farrago, dictated as I should think under opium," is the chief subject of the author's essay. No soldier's brain was more fertile than that of De Saxe. Some of his proposals were adopted as late as the World War. He even had a plan, not to be commended, for preventing the declining birth rate of France.

The campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus against Tilly and Wallenstein are described, and the great Swede is dubbed "the founder of modern war." He was certainly the first to appreciate that the developments of gunpowder had revolutionized warfare. Inferior to Wallenstein as a strategist and no innovator of grand tactics, he was the creator of field artillery and flexible formations and, among other things, instituted a service of supply. His discipline was superior to anything that preceded it and his humanity was a bright spot in a dark age.

Wallenstein, Captain Hart terms very justly "the enigma of history." A man of vision in a time when there was little vision, a constructive ruler of his principality, he seems to have worked in his way for German unity. He saw the value of sea power and unity of command. He is defended from the charge of conspiracy against the Emperor which led to his murder. What objects he had in view, what were his real plans, no one has been able to fathom.

* * *

In "Reputations Ten Years After," we have a series of vivid portraits of leaders in the World War, some of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The beginnings, achievements, faults and virtues of these men are set forth with discrimination.

"Papa" Joffre does not fare well. A puppet whose strings were pulled by the subtler members of his staff; slow-witted, jealous, and a blunderer, his calm and his silence seem his greatest assets. "Joffre was not a general but a national nerve sedative." The sketch of Falkenhayn includes one of his predecessor, Von Moltke. Falkenhayn fully appreciated Moltke's errors in his precipitate advance and failure to occupy the channel ports, but when in supreme command his extreme prudence and want of decision justifies the conclusion: "He was the ablest and most scientific general who ever ruined his country by a refusal to take calculated risks."

Gallieni is given the credit for the victory of the Marne, and it is hard to gainsay this. Still, Joffre was in command and accepted the former's proposition for a counter offensive. Gallieni, "la tête haute," seems to have been great in prescience, admirable in magnanimity. He died too soon. Haig is criticized for his obstinacy, lack of vision, and disregard of advice, though his loyalty to his allies and his sense of the common interest merit the highest praise. "As an executive commander there has hardly been a finer defensive general. In contrast among those who have earned fame as offensive generals none perhaps has made worse errors." A noble character and a great gentleman.

Foch seized opportunities and profited by experience, his great soul never admitted defeat. The exponent of "the will to conquer", he risked everything on the value of the offensive. "He showed the elasticity to profit by experience, and by the end of the war had so widened his horizon that it is difficult to estimate how he might rank among the Great Captains if the war had continued into 1919."

Ludendorff, "perhaps the greatest of all the leaders in the War," besides being a great strategist showed much receptiveness toward the ideas of others, and astonishing tactical invention. He seemed to be the only man capable of controlling the German war machine. "A thinking Robot." He lacked personal magnetism and human understanding. "On Ludendorff the verdict of history may well be that he was the Robot Napoleon."

Petain, the man who made victory possible, was the restorer of the demoralized French army after Nivelle's failure, "the man who, like Fabius, saved his country by avoiding battle and who, like Carnot, was the organizer of victory." Allenby was not a great success in the siege warfare in France in which his gift for surprise and mobility found little scope. Palestine gave him his opportunity and his campaign there is characterized by Captain Hart as one of the masterpieces of military history.

The two American leaders are sympathetically treated. The man in the street knows of Pershing, but Hunter Liggett is hardly a name to him. Yet the American army owes much to Liggett and he has deserved well of his country. A model soldier, bold in conception and with a fine knowledge of human nature, he looked after the safety and comfort of his men unceasingly. "Liggett's early perception of the essential value of methods which the best of his allies only reached after years of trial and error, and which many of his contemporaries never arrived at, is a testimony to the superiority of study and reflection over mere experience." Pershing's desire to make the rifle the dominant weapon is criticized in view of the great German strength in machine guns. Full justice is done to his splendid qualities and to the difficulties of all kinds which beset him. "As for his achievement, it is sufficient to say that there was perhaps no other man who would or could have built the structure of the American army on the scale he planned."

Chesterton's Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Arnold Whitridge.

THIS is not so much a book about Stevenson as about the modern reaction against Stevenson. Needless to say, G. K. Chesterton is as pretty a swordsman as the most exacting enthusiast could demand. Alan Breck himself did not despatch his enemies more deftly, but then Alan Breck's adversaries were real people and not vague tendencies and trends and fashions. Of course Stevenson is out of date at the moment and he will remain out of date as long as the modern distrust of form and style as something alien to reality continues, but what of it? The excellent advice given to David Balfour when he was starting out on his travels is well worth remembering: "Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial." In this book, stimulating and witty as it is, Chesterton seems to be belaboring immaterial things. That Stevenson was not a great psychologist is obvious enough. It is at least equally obvious that he had a fine *flair* for romance, and that he devoted himself, as few authors have done since, to saying what he had to say as adequately as he could. To defend Stevenson against the charge of exploiting himself would have been one thing, but to defend him for being a conscientious artist was hardly necessary.

Chesterton sets out to review Stevenson's books with illustrations from his life rather than to write his life with illustrations from his books. This is a welcome change from the chatter about Stevenson's love affairs and the quarrels with his father. Unfortunately Chesterton never quite succeeds in getting himself out of the way. In discussing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," for instance, he tells us that "the real stab of the story is not in the discovery that the one man is two men; but in the discovery that the two men are one man!" Criticism of this kind has become second nature to Chesterton. He states a widely accepted fact, such as the unconventionality of Stevenson's costume, and then girds up his loins to prove that there is no truth in it, since among the students of the Latin Quarter, where Stevenson acquired his eccentricity in dress, the smoking cap was the very hall mark of conventionality. This is not so much a matter of paradox as an intense desire to create a Stevenson of his own, utterly distinct from the Stevenson of other people. He is not blind to Stevenson's faults, but he will have it that the rest of us are blind, in that we can not see Stevenson with his eyes.

Accordingly he maintains that both the idolaters and the iconoclasts have missed the historic relation of Stevenson to his time and his school, and he explains that relation as a revolt against the prevailing mood of pessimism. Certainly Stevenson was gloriously in love with life, but it would tax even Chesterton's ingenuity to prove that "Treasure Island" was written as a protest against the novels of Hardy or the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Isn't there a much simpler explanation of his literary bloodthirstiness? Being an invalid he was easily intoxicated with the idea of sheer vitality. "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum" was his personal safety valve rather than, as Chesterton seems to infer, an elaborate rebuke to the age.

In the discussion of style Chesterton has wisely taken his cue from Stevenson himself. It was always his temptation. Stevenson once admitted "to cut the flesh off the bones;" that is, he could tell the essential things about a character, but he found it difficult to give the reader the thousand and one inessential things out of which the novelist with less sense of form builds up more substantial characters. In this respect Stevenson was undoubtedly handicapped by his artistic sensitiveness. His characters are dazzling sharp in outline, but there is dangerously little flesh on the bones. That is perhaps the reason why books about Stevenson continue to multiply while "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island" stand idle on the shelf.

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To the Unknown Stockholder

RED HORSES. By FELIX RIESENBERG. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD T. BOOTH

"WE can stand a little good-natured kidding from a regular guy and who cares about a loud squawk from a nut? But here's a Jasper who knows his onions, as the feller said, and he shows up the hokum from soup to nuts. No wonder his story didn't get over big three years ago when they published it under the name of P. A. L. . . . . He hits to kill, this Wisenheimer."

So the great Tangerman, hero of "Red Horses," and the earlier novel by Mr. Riesenberg, would have reviewed this book and put it well out of mind.

Tangerman is Babbitt become a great big grown-up boy—Babbitt plus sufficient self-knowledge and knowledge of his world of boobs and shysters to operate on a large scale. He promotes the Cudahey Vacuum Dome (for growing hair on bald heads), V. V. Vigor and Vim and Glandula pills, the Pyecroft Electric Belt, the Mont Healey Institute (for young executives), Bigmanism, the Frazen-Ball Business Engineers, *Tangerman's Monthly*, Desert Gold, et al. Is there a variety of hokum known to the Age of Bunk missing among the incorporations founded on his nerve, the sucker list, and the sanction of the Horns, Hoof and Hide National Bank? If so you will discern it in the background of this fast and crowded burlesque. Whoop Up Week for America, the American Patriotic Chamber of Commerce, Bokum: A Non-stimulating Cereal Soup, and Lady Ranier Chocolates, et al. The author, perhaps, plucks too many plums of this kind.

A delicate balance wheel controls the life and works of P. A. L. Tangerman—a wheel in which the shyster and the sucker are in fierce counter-action throughout the course of the story. At times this mechanism halts and P. A. L. retires into his gilded suite for a forty-eight hour vacation. But black coffee and the Turkish bath soon revive the knowing and headlong side of his disposition.

The hitches become less and less frequent after the major defeat and come-back of his career—the collapse of Cudahey Vacuum Dome and its restoration. Thereafter his fortunes swell giddily but evenly to a grand crescendo punctured by a thirty-two calibre automatic pistol in the hands of Mrs. Gladys Rimmer. He has moved from Seattle to Chicago and is about to open offices in New York and shake both hemispheres when he is winged for amorous inconstancy. As Martin Rimmer, the former husband, declares his intention to "stand by Gladys to the end. She's innocent, I know," Tangerman's estate comes tumbling down like an arch from which the key has been pulled; and the boob against whom Tangerman has been over-compensating all his life lies exposed. Among his stocks the following were listed:

	Shares
Fishhook Oil	10,000
Paper Milk Bottle	50
World Wide Wooden Shipbuilding	5,000
Whale Oil Shampoo	3,000
Love and Life Publishing Co.	2,000
Musk Ox Meat Farms	10,000
Paper Lath Construction Co.	5,000

Mr. Riesenberg, who offers this remodelling of an earlier novel "without apology or prayer" needs neither for "Red Horses." It is one of the most effective and malicious cartoons of mercantile fraud ever presented. But the rebuke of his book, delivered with such good aim and so coldly, will be sidestepped by the fast highbinders for whom it is intended and the suckers will cry: "Say it ain't so, Jo!" And the thoughtful will be infinitely depressed by what appears to be its unwritten inference: that P. A. L. Tangerman is malignant and perhaps inoperable in the profound flesh of our prosperity.

On Being a Continent

(*Continued from page* 857)

to be just an individual in a continent. After that perhaps epics—if there are to be any epics.

But until the imagination can follow back the north wind, the east, and the south, and the west, with some certainty of knowing what thoughts and emotions belong to America, this continental mood of craving for uniformity will last.

The BOWLING GREEN

Anna Faure and the Parrot

II.

THE trial was a sordid spectacle: each of the three attempting to throw all the blame on the others. There seems no reasonable doubt, however, that Ardisson was guiltless of any share in the girl's death. He admitted having furnished the funds for the whole affair: Cournou had convinced him that the policy on Anna Faure's life could be resold "to an English company" for something like 40,000 francs. That there was at one time some such gambling traffic in insurances I believe is true. Clémencet's only defense was that she was terrorized by Cournou, who threatened to kill her child if she did not assist his schemes. The testimony reprinted by Bataille is adequate to reconstruct without much doubt what happened in the garden of the Villa Rosa that May morning.

Anna was sent out after *petit dejeuner* to do some household errands. Clémencet started the little girl toward school and hurried back. When Anna returned, Cournou was apparently in sportive mood. As usual, he was loitering about his favorite spot, the rose pool. He had a long piece of string, with which he proposed to measure the exact dimensions of the basin. They made quite a little game out of it. According to Clémencet, Cournou was particularly merry, chased Anna flirtatiously round the pool, and insisted on putting roses in her hair. Cournou denied this, as indeed he denied everything. "Moi, l'embrasser!" he cried. "Mais la femme Clémencet était jalouse comme une tigresse!" At any rate, there were roses in poor Anna's hair when her body was found lying in the water.

* * *

One can imagine the parrot, from her cage in the portico, watching this grim byplay with the dark pessimistic eye of her kind.. Finally, seeming to resume his serious intention—Allons! assez de folie!—Cournou gave one end of his measuring string to Clémencet and the other to Anna. They stretched it in diameter across the pool. On the pretext of adjusting it accurately Cournou came behind the girl as she knelt on the stone rim. With one hideous blow at the back of her head he stunned her, and pushed the body into the water. It is an oddity of Bataille's résumé that apparently the weapon was not identified. The president of the court says it must have been a stick or a stone, but on this capital point as to the instrument itself and what became of it, the record remains uncertain. That, I think, is the only feature in Cournou's favor.

But the scene was even more gruesome than this brief sketch implies. For Anna had some sudden twinge of horror as she knelt holding the string. Perhaps, mirrored in the clear water of the tiny pool, she saw something strange in the face of Clémencet who knelt opposite her a few feet away. Perhaps Cournou hesitated an instant before aiming the blow. Perhaps, as a romanticist would like to imagine, the parrot uttered some foreboding squawk. Anna turned suddenly, saw the murderous figure behind her, and sprang to grapple with it. She had time to cry "Je vais t'égratigner, et la justice te reconnaîtra." (*I'll scratch you, and they'll know who did it.*) Those were her last words, and they were perfectly true. It was the scratch on Cournou's hand that first roused M. Chabrol's suspicions.

So Anna lay in the pool, with the rosebuds still in her hair. The movements of the murderous couple were now not devoid of cunning. Cournou seized the parrot, strangled it, and threw it into the water beside the body. He disposed of the string, and the weapon—whatever it was. Clémencet hastened off to town to leave Anna's pink peignoir at Ardisson's apartment, with some vague notion of implicating him. Cournou left the house for a stroll, to establish a good alibi. In the course of this ramble he met one Giovanni Mogli, a laborer, to whom he chatted about the pleasure of living in Oriole Valley in this heavenly spring weather. But something Giovanni said troubled him. "Yes," said Giovanni, "I saw you folks in your garden this morning. You have a good time there." This remark troubled Cournou so much that he treated Giovanni to a glass of brandy in the hope of finding out whether anything lay behind it. Presently, as we narrated last week, Cournou made his way back to the Villa Rosa. He rang the bell, registered surprise because no one answered, made a great to-do about borrowing a neighbor's ladder, and entered over the garden wall.

* * *

It is only fair to remark that at no time during the trial did Cournou admit any shade of guilt. To all Clémencet's confession he retorted fiercely "C'est du roman." He sat, scratching his head as though in profound perplexity, rummaging in a pile of papers. Twice he made a desperate and apparently random attempt to divert the evident course of the affair. The first time he suddenly burst out that the hour had come to tell the truth, and that if the judge would grant him half an hour's private interview he would "mettre à nu" the mystery of Oriole Valley. There *was* a crime committed, he said, but not by him. The judge insisted that the court-room was the place to tell whatever he wanted to say; whereupon Cournou, evidently searching for some plausible story, blurted out that Clémencet had done the murder, aided by two mysterious men whom he had seen talking to her the evening before. One was dressed in black, the other in gray; one was called Henry. I'm afraid that Cournou had not made a good impression on the court-room, for this statement was greeted with laughter, and Clémencet replied "Vous êtes un menteur et un lâche."

I suppose that when his mistress no longer tutoyer'd him, Cournou began to feel that things were serious. He caused a second diversion by insisting that he had hidden two letters behind a mirror in the bedroom, letters which would prove the truth of his statement about Clémencet and the mysterious Messrs. Black and Gray. The Villa was searched, but of course no letters were found.

According to the rather dreadful French custom, the actual skull of poor Anna was exhibited in the court-room, the fracture caused by the blow was explained to the jury by medical experts. Even this grisly sight did not disturb Cournou's stolidity. Dr. Flavart opined that the blow must have been struck with a hammer; Cournou only shrugged. Probably the witness with most cause to congratulate herself was Marguerite Labranche, a domestic servant, who had been interviewed by Cournou at the employment agency before he engaged Anna. He had refused her because she had been too long in Marseilles.

* * *

I suppose that the confidential records of any great insurance company would furnish innumerable grim testimony of human tragedy and comedy. Except in such startling melodramas as the Snyder-Gray case these horrid episodes rarely obtain extensive ventilation. And as any publisher can tell you, the reading public prefers its crimes and detective stories in fiction form. But there must be some remarkable evenings, occasionally, if and when the legal counsel of insurance companies can be persuaded to talk.

Ardisson, whose indictment ran only as "tentative d'escroquerie" (attempted fraud), was acquitted. I hope that thereafter he was more choice in his associates. Clémencet was given fifteen years of hard labor; by the end of which time she probably found few to tutoyer. Cournou was condemned to death and executed. M. Chabrol, I like to believe, unravelled many more riddles in the underworld of Marseilles. And as for Marguerite Labranche, the domestic who didn't get the job, she is by now a mature lady of 67, her endowment insurance (if she has any) ought to be falling due, and I hope she occasionally burns a candle to her gods of good luck.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Miss Rebecca West," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "does not write a great deal of literary criticism nowadays, but what she does write is very much to the point, as certain writers to whom she has pointed out the error of their ways have reason to know. Her first collection of literary criticisms is to be published by Jonathan Cape under the curious title of 'The Strange Necessity.' It is art—whether that of the writer or the painter—which is the strange necessity to those who must express themselves, even at the risk of coming under the judgment of the author of 'The Judge.' And when, by the way, is Miss West going to give us another novel?"

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Books of Special Interest

Three Russian Novels

THE DEADLOCK. By V. V. VIERESSAEV. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $2.

THE SUN OF THE DEAD. By IVAN SHMELOV. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1928. $2.50.

THE FIFTH PESTILENCE. By ALEXEI REMIZOV. New York: Payson and Clarke. 1928. $3.

By ARTHUR RUHL

OF these three Russian novels, each, of course, according to formula, the only real thing that has come out of Russia since Tolstoy, V. V. Vieressaev's "The Deadlock" seems likely to be the most nourishing to the ordinary American reader.

It is an unpretentious tale, largely told in brisk dialogue between a great variety of characters thrown up and flung against each other by the Revolution, and crowded with bits of vivid reporting which everybody who has got at all under the skin of things in Russia since the Revolution will recognize as the real thing.

The scene is the Crimea, and the deadlock which gives the story its title is that between Reds and Whites—not a physical deadlock, because the White forces were eventually driven off, but the deadlock in the principal character's mind and conscience when she tries to measure against each other the theories, aims, and actual behavior of the two camps.

It seems necessary to peer through almost every artistic work which touches on the Russian earthquake to see where its author "stands." Mr. Vieressaev, according to the publisher's announcement, was an Army doctor in the Russo-Japanese War, and held a job in the arts and education department under the Soviet government after '17. Whether or not he is still in Russia, is not explained, but one would gather, from the frankness with which some of his people criticise the new order, that he must have gone abroad.

His principal character, a courageous and wide-awake young woman of the intelligentsia, constantly protests against the injustice, prejudice, and bullheaded stupidity of individuals and details of the Bolshevik régime, and yet as constantly is caught up by the fresh breeze of the new order, by the energy and vitality which are felt in the post-revolutionary Russian air no less than oppression, hopelessness, and despair.

Whether this represents the author's "position," just what conclusion, if any, Katia arrives at in the end, is, happily, not told. The narrative remains a narrative to the last page, and Katia buries her plucky old father, who, once, when the Chekists came to arrest him, said to them wearily, "Thank God! I am tired of your large prison. Take me away to your smaller one," sells her furniture, and goes away without telling anybody where she has gone.

Not the least noteworthy of the novel's qualities is the healthy air which blows through it. One of the last things Katia says is to protest against that "meanness toward life" represented by suicide—"let me be sawn in half by saws, or be flayed alive, but don't let me turn my back!" There is none of that neurasthenic despair which comes from the refugee's sedentary, long-distance brooding. One gets the feeling that the author has actually lived, breathed and worked—however uncomfortably—amidst the scenes he describes. And doing so, he knows that even Bolsheviks are people, that "they, too, come from God!" as Carlyle said of the *sans-culottes*.

Ivan Shmelov's "The Sun of the Dead" is also laid in the Crimea. It is much more "literary" than the Vieressaev story, full of all sorts of allusions and involutions, and on the whole self-conscious, labored, and rather queasy. It is not helped by the long and uncalled-for introduction by its translator, Mr. C. J. Hogarth, in which the latter takes it upon himself querulously to pamphleteer against Marxianism and all who find anything going ahead in present-day Russia. Indeed, the whole book leaves the reader more with the sense of having perused a highly literary tract rather than a story going ahead under its own steam.

Remizov's "The Fifth Pestilence" is caviare, for those interested in "books that are different," as its jacket puts it, rather than straightaway food for the general. Read in its original Russian, where the author's tricky and precious style may have some peculiar raciness, or by Russians to whom his somewhat impish little flashes on this and that may be seen in their full perspective, it doubtless means more than it does in English and to long-distance readers who perforce see their Russia in rather broad and loose outlines.

The translator, Mr. Alec Brown, has done his work on his knees and knocking his forehead in the dust, so that presumably the author's text has been treated with suitable kindness. At best, Remizov seems here to be stirring the waters of a very small mud-puddle.

Dante's Lyrics

THE MINOR POEMS OF DANTE. Translated into English verse by LORNA DE LUCCHI. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH MCKENZIE, Princeton University.

SO numerous are the Dante readers who know little or no Italian, that an English translation of all the lyric poems of Dante now believed to be genuine is welcome: it is very acceptably provided in the volume by Lorna de Lucchi, an Englishwoman married to an Italian. In her "Anthology of Italian Poems, Thirteenth-Nineteenth Century," published some five years ago, a dozen lyrics by Dante were included; in the new volume they are not merely reprinted, but revised and much improved. The translations on the whole are excellent; they read smoothly, and reproduce the thought as faithfully as is possible in a rhymed version. The rhyme schemes of the original are followed, except that in the sonnets the English form is used rather than the more exacting Italian form. To read a prose version of a lyric poem is a dreary performance, and it is not likely that another translator would improve on the present attempt to present these verses in a rhymed translation.

Many of the detached poems, as well as those which form part of the "New Life" and the "Banquet," have been translated before; incidentally, some students prefer to read the poems of the "New Life" separately from the prose commentary with which Dante surrounded them. But until the appearance in 1921 of Barbi's critical text, in the edition of Dante's complete works published by the Italian Dante Society, it has been a baffling problem to determine which of the lyrics ascribed to Dante in the manuscripts were really his. The views of successive editors have varied widely; but the canon as established by Barbi, even if modified here and there in the future, is likely to be accepted for a long time as authoritative. This is the text translated by Lorna de Lucchi. It contains eighty-eight poems by Dante, including the thirty-one of the "New Life" and the three of the "Banquet." In 1835, Charles Lyell published a blank-verse translation of one hundred and eleven lyrics then supposed to be by Dante, of which thirty-five are not in Barbi, while Barbi has twelve which are not in Lyell. In 1887, A. H. Plumptre published a verse translation of the lyrics; and in 1906 the Temple Classics rounded out the only English translation of Dante's complete works with a volume containing the "New Life" and the lyrics in prose translations by T. Okey and P. H. Wicksteed, but giving only sixty-three lyrics as certainly, and four more as probably genuine. The first (1894) edition of the Oxford Dante—the complete works in the original text—differed widely from Barbi in its choice of lyrics, while the latest edition (the fourth, 1924) has been made to conform to Barbi as the standard. These data will show the importance of this new translation of the "minor poems" for those who wish, without reading Italian, to have versions of all Dante's works in a form as authentic as possible. The Oxford Press, which has already done so much for the diffusion of a knowledge of the Poet, and Lorna de Lucchi, the new translator, deserve sincere thanks.

In his "Al Servizio del Mare Italiano" (Paravia), Signor Vecchi, whose pen name is "Jack la Bolina," presents a vivid picture of cadet life under the Sardinian Government as it existed seventy years ago. Signor Vecchi, despite his advanced years—he is eighty-six—still lectures on naval matters.

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A London Letter

By Louis Untermeyer

THE Americanization of English literature goes calmly (if not so quietly) on. Thornton Wilder's slightly puzzled face accosts the Undergrounders on their way to East Ham and Clapham Common; Sinclair Lewis's "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" is being anticipated in Fleet Street as an essay in ruthless biography; studios in Bloomsbury pause in their damnation of Humbert Wolfe to debate whether the essence of America is in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" or in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Wilder's success here has been as spontaneous as it is unprecedented. Cabell has always been sniffed at; English critics, still flying the banner of Hewlett, have questioned Cabell's topography, puzzled over his medievalism, resented his irony. Dreiser, after years of heavy lumbering, has been grudgingly accepted as a passionate if turgid recorder. Hergesheimer is a favorite only with the Tauchnitz trippers. Mencken, relished chiefly when he attacks the United *Status quo*, is still suspected of subsisting on imported *Hasenpfeffer* and *Rentenmarks*. But the most violent Americanophobes have capitulated to Wilder's two volumes with a completeness as sudden as it is genuine. Not only the "big names," but the unknown appraisers have responded to Wilder's sensitivity, to his finesse of phrase, and—what is most unusual—to his spiritual power.

Even so British a tradition as the lectures in Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop has suffered a rich transatlantic change. In two months, three Thursday afternoons have been devoted to "Readings from the Poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay," by Maurice Browne; "Whitman and Tennyson: A Comparison," by T. S. Eliot; "Modern American Poetry: A Thesis with Illustrations," by a propagandist whose name escapes me. Eliot's lecture was the most provocative, since the author of "The Waste Land" did not come to bury the late laureate in opprobrium but to praise him—especially for his "Idylls of the King." Eliot's tribute to Whitman was still more curious, maintaining, among other things, that Whitman was least himself in the "personal" poems, such as the "Song of Myself" and most himself when he wrote of Lincoln. The narrative of the sea-fight, which Eliot read in a colloquially dispassionate tone, comparing it to Tennyson's "The Revenge," revealed a *timbre* not unlike MacLeish's "Bleheris," Aiken's "And in the Hanging Gardens," and Eliot's own "Journey of the Magi," which appeared recently in one of Faber and Gwyer's shilling pamphlets.

All new departures in English poetry may be credited to the American invasion. Every innovation, from Herbert Read's to the Sitwells', owes much to Ezra Pound of Idaho and Eliot of Missouri. And if the left-wing of "modernism" fails, it will not be the fault of that ardent pamphleteer, Laura Riding (Gottschalk), an ex-fugitive of Tennessee, whose *quasi*-hero is E. E. Cummings, and whose one complete heroine is Gertrude Stein—both, incidentally and conspicuously, American.

A talk with James Stephens makes one feel even more patriotic. "You will first influence us, then control the old world, then you will create a new one," said he, recalling his American tour. "You will create new concepts, new units of art. You are the one nation that masters speed instead of being mastered by it. You will push it to the point where time will exhaust itself and establish unknown values. You will give us fresh materials—your poet Wallace Stevens has sounded the possibilities of abstract verbal color—materials that will no longer be dependent on 'plot' or the over-exploited conflict of passions. We are on the verge of something that never happened before: a music and literature as different from the present as futurism is from the Cro-Magnons. And it will come out of America."

Nor are such prognostications considered heresies by the most ardent supporters of the Empire. One finds more amplification than rebuttal at any of the substitutes for the Mermaid Tavern. At one of these, not far from Piccadilly Circus, on a certain day each week, the barmen and waitresses are privileged to overhear Ralph Hodgson, James Stephens, and one or two of their cronies shape their talk in a way that cries for two Boswells and a dictaphone. Instead of cakes and ale, nothing more stimulating is required than scones, sandwiches, and tea; cigarettes (significantly Virginian) take the place of churchwardens. "And has any living poet," says Stephens, continuing a sentence begun the preceding Monday, "ever equalled Yeats in the pure sound of alternating syllables? How many of the great dead have surpassed him in putting together words that taste so well in the mouth, lines that are as natural as speech, a language that flows with so few impediments? Most poetry must be learned, but the reading of a new poem by Yeats makes you feel that you've always had it by heart."

"But the *one* thing?" challenges W. J. Turner, the poet and musical critic. Immediately the game of favorites is in full swing. Stephens's choices are characteristic. If he were on the customary deserted island and limited to one book? The Upanishad, for it's a dozen. One drink? Irish whiskey, because it goes furthest and lasts longest. One woman? A blonde Italian, for she has the best qualities of north and south. One modern English poem? Hodgson's "The Song of Honor." One American ditto? . . . The question is thrown to the group. Hodgson votes for Pound's early "Ballad of the Goodly Fere." Your correspondent, suddenly challenged, hesitates between Frost's "Death of the Hired Man" and the same author's "Two Look at Two." Turner tentatively suggests Lindsay's "The Congo." "Ah, but do you know his 'Chinese Nightingale'?" asks Stephens. "The lovely tune of it, and the way Lindsay uses repetition instead of rhyme, and the little bells that tinkle like a countryside of pagodas." And, swaying dangerously on his chair, the author of "The Crock of Gold" sings, recites, and dances most of the fantastic verses. . . . I thought of the tired young men, too worn to remember anything but an author's worst work, too skeptical to trust themselves with a single enthusiasm. . . . Meanwhile, Hodgson kept on insisting that energy and generosity radiated from America. I accepted the tribute in the name of my country, hiding my face in a Bath bun.

I do not mean to imply that the sole topic of literary England is Americana. Among his compatriots, George Moore has been a subject of speculation ever since he went into a Nursing Home (British for "hospital") in February. In January of this year, Moore was much occupied. He was in the midst of a not too gentle argument with A. A. Milne concerning the right of an author to put "prohibitive" prices on his published products; protesting, in the London *Times*, against the use of *pensée* (pensées, that's for "thoughts") and the increasing employment of unassimilated French words as a danger to English speech; working industriously, in spite of his illness, on his story of young Kebren's journey from Athens some two thousand years ago. Now his play, "The Making of an Immortal," which was the centre of the Moore-Milne controversy, is being hurried toward production; it is rumored that he is about to receive an O. M.; his secretary, the faithful Miss Kingdon, speaks of "Aphrodite in Aulis" as "Mr. Moore's last novel." The gravity of the situation may be sensed from this excerpt from her letter: "For some time Mr. Moore has been engaged upon the last novel he intends to write, a story of the adventures of a young Athenian, and afterwards of his children, in the time of Pericles, and the whole of the story, with the exception of the last chapter, was upon paper when Mr. Moore was taken ill. The doctors advised an immediate operation, but, learning that Mr. Moore was desperately anxious to finish 'Aphrodite in Aulis,' they said they could allow him at the most two months' grace. Mr. Moore had then to decide whether he should go into a nursing home at once, in the hope of finishing his story when he returned to Ebury Street (the possibility always before him of a strange hand having to put the end to it), or accept the two months' delay, with perhaps serious results. He chose the two months. But after a few days, he felt that to write under the imaginary eye of the doctor was an impossible task, and after re-dictating the beginning of the story, which had always given him a great deal of trouble, and dictating a scenario of the last chapter, 'to keep it alive,' he said—'ideas, if laid aside, are often dead when the story is taken up again'—he entered the nursing home, where he is now lying."

In his defense of the exclusive three guinea edition of "The Makings of an Immortal," Moore wrote, "Manuscripts were plentiful in ancient Athens and Rome, and

(Continued on next page)

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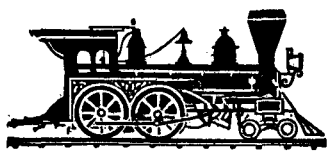

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A London Letter

(*Continued from preceding page*)

commanded very high prices. . . . In these democratic days, we have the British Museum, whither all men may go and read for nothing." Moore might have added that those who wish to possess what they read, can now own the volumes for next to nothing. "In these democratic days," **every publisher in England** is outdoing his rival in an effort to give readers the latest as well as the best literature for little more than the price of a fashion magazine. There are at least a thousand cloth-bound, gold-stamped, skilfully edited, paper-jacketed, not merely well, but beautifully printed books, which can be bought for a half-crown (sixty-two cents) or three shillings sixpence (eighty-five cents). Every publisher has his own "Library" with its particular "special features." For example, the first six volumes of Heinemann's Windmill Library at three-and-six include H. G. Wells's "A Short History of the World," John Galsworthy's "Castles in Spain" (first collected in this edition), George Moore's "The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe," translated from Longus. Martin Secker's New Adelphi Library boasts such admirable reprints as Flecker's "Selected Poems," Norman Douglas's "Fountains in the Sand," Arthur Machen's "The Three Impostors," D. H. Lawrence's "Sea and Sardinia," Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Poems"—and forty other titles at eighty-odd cents. John Lane offers the Week-End Library with Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," Vernon Lee's "The Handling of Words," Richard Garnett's "The Twilight of the Gods," with an introduction by T. E. Lawrence. Duckworth's The New Readers' Library may not be quite so physically attractive, but its range is startling.

The newest of these series which answers Christopher Morley's demand for books that fit the pocket as well as the shelf is Chatto & Windus's The Phoenix Library which, besides its handsome typography, is characterized by several innovations. The volumes are of equal bulk and the works of particular authors are bound in one color. Thus Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," "Books and Characters," and "Queen Victoria" come in a uniform shade of green; David Garnett's sly "Lady into Fox" and "A Man in the Zoo" are combined in one volume (at three-and-six, mind you!); all of Aldous Huxley's books are being issued in this series. Jonathan Cape's The Travellers' Library is the most catholic of the lot. Printed with the same distinction that marks all the books of this firm, his series (splendidly bound in an unusual blue cloth) now numbers some seventy "contemporary classics" as varied as A. E. Coppard's "The Black Dog," W. H. Davies's "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," Middleton Murry's "The Evolution of an Intellectual," James Joyce's "Dubliners," Ernest Brahmah's memorable "The Wallet of Kai Lung." Among the American authors in this low-priced collectoin of present day authors are Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, James Harvey Robinson, Sara Orne Jewett, Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Christopher Morley, Sherwood Anderson.

Collected editions at the same price are being launched by every publisher. A three-and-six-penny Maupassant is being issued by Knopf; a Tusitala Stevenson; a D. H. Lawrence. John Lane has actually reprinted all of Anatole France at half-a-crown! Of course, if one does not restrict himself to the moderns, there is always the indispensable *Everyman's Library* which, with its eight hundred-odd volumes, is the greatest cheap collection of the world's greatest books.

Should I dilate on the awakened interest in poetry, evidenced by The Augustan Books of Modern Poetry (better known as Benn's Sixpenny Poets) which sold over 500,000 copies in the first year of publication? . . . Is it "news" that the first series of fifty pamphlets was edited by Edward Thompson, author of "These, My Friends," and that the new set (of which twenty-four have appeared, including John Donne, Yeats, Skelton, Arthur Waley's Chinese Poems—all at sixpence) is being edited by Humbert Wolfe? . . . Speaking of the latter, should I repeat the slander that, judging from the rapidity of his productions, Humbert Wolfe is writing all the poetry of England with one hand and reviewing it with the other? . . . Should I disclose why, having seen his latest play booed off the stage, Noel Coward has just written the most brilliant book, lyrics *and* music for Cochran's most successful revue? . . . Should I . . . ? No. This is a London letter, not an Outline of the Britannica.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Archaeology

ANCIENT MAN. By *Richard Swann Lull.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

Art

EXPLORING NEW YORK'S ART GALLERIES. By *Margaret Breuning.* McBride. $2.50.

Belles Lettres

TOKEFIELD PAPERS. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Swinnerton's "Tokefield Papers" are the essays proper to a novelist, in that they are about the characteristics of people and the types of humanity, the ways of life, and the pros and cons of behavior. Pathetic people who ride on other people's sympathies like the Old Man of the Sea, he quaintly nicknames "Carmichaels"; "Swank" and "Tact" are acutely analyzed, and "Why Gardiners are Gloomy" is explained; the "Advantages of Disaster" and the disadvantages of "Advice," the true nature of "Respectability" and of "Cats" is differentiated and defended; the practice of "Being Agreeable" is urged on moral grounds, and the habit of "Thinking Well of Oneself" on grounds of the social result: also it is observed that much unpleasant behavior comes from "Feeling Inferior."

Mr. Swinnerton's entry into literature came from his early employment as reception clerk in the office of the publishers, J. M. Dent & Co.; the experience there gained estimating human character was his starting point as a novelist.

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATION PROVERBS. In two volumes. Everyman's Library. Cloth 80c each volume. Dutton.

CASTIGLIONE'S THE COURTIER. Translated by *Sir Thomas Hoby.* Everyman's Library. Cloth 80c. Dutton.

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. By *H. M. Tomlinson.* Everyman's Library. Cloth 80c. Dutton.

Biography

BABE RUTH'S BOOK OF BASEBALL. By GEORGE HERMAN RUTH. Putnam. 1928.

Lovers of baseball, and admirers of one of its greatest exponents, whether they be boys of ten or men of fifty, will find this unaffected and lively account of "Babe" Ruth's experiences interesting reading. It is a straightforward chronicle, that hews straight to the line of the baseball history which the enthusiast will prefer to more general biography, and that interpolates into its personal record incidental comment on the technique and personalities of the diamond. It is good entertainment for boys old and young.

A FINAL BURNING OF BOATS, ETC. By *Ethel Smyth.* Longmans.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE NAVY. The Autobiography of *Rear Admiral Albert S. Barker.* Boston: Richard G. Badger. $5.

THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN. The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $5.

Education

TOWARDS THE OPEN. A Preface to Scientific Humanism. By HENRY C. TRACY. With an Introduction by JULIAN HUXLEY. Dutton. 1927. $3.50.

In "Scientific Humanism" Mr. Tracy has found an inspiring name for what Mr. Julian Huxley calls the "right attitude of the modern world toward its problems." The application of scientific methods to the attainment of humane ends offers an obvious—and yet, in view of their actual diversity—a startling program. When science has proved itself the mainstay of imperialism, militarism, and plutocracy, while idealism has evaporated in words, the proposal to unite them must seem startling. And yet it is surely obvious that science is valueless except as a means to the good life; and it is equally obvious that the good life can only be achieved, not by emotional aspiration, but by scientific control of fact. Nothing could be a clearer case of the correlation of means and end. But we have become so accustomed to their separation and misuse as to accept our present condition as incorrigible. Everyone, for example, admits the mechanization of modern education; yet, when someone like Meiklejohn puts in practice a simple rational procedure, it is looked upon as a bold and dangerous venture. What is most needed today is not more intelligence, but the will to use the intelligence we have. Mr. Tracy's book is primarily a quickener of this will. He is a scientist who is also a poet. He sees the world with a direct, uncorrupted vision, sees it as a daily renewed marvel with infinite avenues of interest, infinite approaches to beauty and understanding. Some such vision, he rightly feels, is essential to any meaningful life. Education as it is today, unguided by any sure sense of values, tends to be quite literally meaningless. To reorient it away from routine toward living experience is Mr. Tracy's generous aim. His book has in it all the ardor of youth. Naturally, also, it has the defects of its qualities. It is somewhat too facile and too sanguine; there are too many words for the thoughts; and the thoughts themselves do not follow up. The problem of education calls for the anguished concision of one who has battered at it longer; Mr. Tracy merely leads a gallant charge. But unlike the heroes of the Light Brigade he "reasons why," and unlike most men today he not only knows that he is on the way, but he knows where he is going.

CONSTRUCTIVE SPELLING. By *Cornelia R. Trowbridge.* Macmillan.

A MODERN ENGLISH GRAMMAR ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. By *Otto Jespersen.* Second Volume. London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd. 14/2.

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHILDREN. By *Mary H. Lewis.* Macmillan. $1.75.

Fiction

POOR LITTLE FOOL. By FULTON OURSLER. Harper. 1928. $2.

Mr. Oursler's latest offering is a rough and undisciplined draft of a good novel; it is not a finished piece of work. It presents an interesting problem in human relations, but it neither digs deep enough nor progresses far enough for the sum total to be significant. There is a further difficulty in that the narrative is much too ill-considered and melodramatic in its development. Mr. Oursler, however, writes with definite vigor, and in "Poor Little Fool" he adds to this vigor a propagandist sincerity. The novel will probably be construed as a defense of trial marriage, for its central character is a girl who discovers by an experimental period of living with her lover that she can never make a go of marriage with him. The events of the story deal with the reactions of her lover and of her father when the situation is made apparent to them. If Mr. Oursler had written with restraint and delicacy and if the problem had been presented less luridly, the novel might well have been successful.

GODS OF YESTERDAY. By JAMES WARNER BELLAH. Appleton. 1928. $2.

Seven stories of air fighting in the Great War are here offered under the title "Gods of Yesterday." They are always interesting and occasionally downright exciting. Each one contributes something to our knowledge of the methods and difficulties of aerial combat, and by the time we have finished the volume we feel tolerably familiar with the whole procedure. It is pleasant to record that the narratives are chivalrous in tone; indeed, one story tells sympathetically of experiences from the point of view of a German airman. Although Mr. Bellah is very calm and reasonable he cannot keep us from marveling at the things he describes; the wonder may have worn off for him, but for us it is ever present. The conquest of the air still stirs our imagination. The literary qualities of Mr. Bellah's short stories are usually gratifying, making for suspense and vividness. "Fear," the longest story, is also the best, for it carries a sustained narrative of character through to an excellent climax. In short, "Gods of Yesterday" handles its pleasantly novel material with considerable effectiveness.

NOT MAGNOLIA. By EDITH EVERETT TAYLOR. Dutton. 1928. $2.

Leigh Monroe, finding that she is unable to forget her love for Stephen, her first playmate and lover, who has become insane and is now confined in a sanatorium, in the night-club life of New York, returns to Florida and reenters college. Stephen's pathetic letters arrive daily, a constant reminder of her sorrow. A course in abnormal psychology, the friendship of Hildegarde Nelson, her energetic room-rate, and college activities are not sufficient to enliven Leigh. Just as school closes, Beulah Pomeroy, Leigh's athletic and indomitable

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

aunt, decides to open Goodwind, her beautiful ancestral home, and give a house party for her niece and her college friends. Oliver Varn, a young novelist whom Leigh refused in New York, is invited; also Nan Sabot, a show-girl, with whom, Leigh later learns, Stephen is in love. One day, without warning them of his coming, Stephen appears at Goodwind, mentally restored but in very poor health. Leigh now has to choose between a loveless marriage, which she considers to be her duty, or Oliver. Her Aunt Belle, a beautiful but ineffectual woman, pleads with Leigh to uphold the family honor; her Aunt Beulah says, "Choose to be anything, but not magnolia . . . magnolia with beauty but without color." From this point, Miss Taylor works out a quite conventional ending.

Miss Taylor writes well in places, especially in her expository passages; some of her characters, in particular Buddy Wade, who imbibed incredible quantities of liquor and was tricked into marrying Claudia, a girl who knew what she wanted and got it, during one of these drinking bouts, are also well done. But that is about all that one can say of "Not Magnolia." In retrospect it appears a slight and disappointing novel.

THE MADELEINE HERITAGE. By MARTIN MILLS. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.

The three volume novel is dead, long live the three volume novel! "The Madeleine Heritage" is a one volume novel in form only: it has enough characters, it covers enough time, and it traverses enough space to fill three bindings instead of one. Martin Mills has undertaken a difficult task in tracing, through five generations, the influence of an aberrant French mixture with the conservative Anglo-Saxon blood of the Montforts. For he has to show not only the various manifestations of the Gallic strain as it appears in different individuals but also to show how its outcroppings are affected by further dilution, by changing times, and by different environment. It is necessary to introduce an incredible number of characters and, since it is a consanguineous group of which he treats, there is considerable repetition of given names, which makes it almost impossible to keep these Montforts of Farleigh-Scudmore distinct. At times one cannot see the woods for the trees and then again it is equally hard to see the trees for the woods. This inevitable genealogical and chronological confusion (imagine the Rougon-Macquart series in one volume) does not preclude excellent and clear-cut delineations of individuals and vignettes of family life. Mr. Mills has presented and contrasted his epochs with splendid restraint. The sense of passing time and of the particular "times" of each generation is present throughout the book and, closely related to this, the gradual aging of the characters is very convincingly depicted, with a few romantic exceptions. The author may be annoyed that his central theme does not appear as clear to the reader as it undoubtedly does to him, but the reader will find the novel interesting enough in its parts to compensate for its elusive quality as a whole.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY. By DAWN POWELL. Brentano's. 1928. $2.50.

A boarding-house on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in a small town furnishes Dawn Powell with the locale for "She Walks in Beauty." And this locale furnishes the reader with the clue to the intent of the novel. It is written in the Winslow-Suckow tradition and, in part, very well so written. Individual portraits of eccentrics who obtain bed and board at Aunt Jule's hostelry are striking and complete; all that Dawn Powell sees in them she easily transcribes to her pages. They are striking not because Mrs. Powell has brought out new elements in their character nor because she has viewed them from a new psychological angle, but because she has selected "odd" characters to begin with, and the portraits are complete because the author has set the boundaries so near the starting-point that the distance between is not difficult of accomplishment. The mentally man-obsessed old maid, the physically man-obsessed young trollop, the gibbering and decrepit philosopher, the small-time vaudeville group, and the Main Street aristocrats, have been done again, have been well done again, but only from the shiny surface slant that the talons of "Winesburg, Ohio" seem not even to have scratched. In Aunt Jule and Linda Shirley, the rock-bound little beauty, the author has escaped her limitations and has created individuals rather than types. The "happy ending" of the aspiring Linda is a gratifyingly turned bit of irony, the perfect arsenic-flavored meringue. It is unfortunate, but apparently inevitable that books with as much merit as "She Walks in Beauty" come in for harsher criticism than their inferior contemporaries, because they say so briskly and explicitly what they want to say something more important.

THE FOX WOMAN. By *Nalbro Bartley*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS. By *Howard Vincent O'Brien*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THERESE. By *Francois Maurice*. Translated by *Eric Sutton*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

PRELUDE TO A ROPE FOR MYER. By *L. Steni*. Jonathan Cape. 7s/6 net.

THE MYSTERY OF TUNNEL 51. By *A. Wilson*. Longmans. $2.

THE DARK GOD. By *John Chancellor*. Century. $2.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE. By *Judge Henry Neil*. Chicago, Ill: The Bible House.

ARMED WITH MADNESS. By *Mary Butts*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND. By *Blair Niles*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

CATHERINE-PARIS. By *Princess Marthe Bibesco*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

WOMAN IN FLIGHT. By *Fritz Reck-Malleczewen*. Translated by *Jennie Covan*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE TORCHES FLARE. By *Stark Young*. Scribner's. $2.50.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM. By *James Oliver Curwood*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE HAWK OF COMO. By *John Oxenham*. Longmans. $2.00.

THE CLOSED GARDEN. By *Julian Green*. Harper. $2.50.

ISLANDERS. By *Peadar O'Donnell*. Jonathan Cape. London: 6s. net.

MEN AT WHILES ARE SOBER. By *Stephen Raushenbush*. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

UNDER FIRE. The Story of a Squad. By *Henri Barbusse*. Everyman's Library. Dutton. Cloth, 80c.

MADAME BOVARY. By *Gustave Flaubert*. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton. Cloth, 80c.

ARROGANCE. By *Léonie Aminoff*. Dutton. $2.50.

GOLDEN TALES FROM FLAUBERT. With a Preface. by *George Saintsbury*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1927. Fourth Annual Issue. Edited by *Richard Eaton*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. By *John P. Fort*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

LAND POOR. By *Kate Speake Penney*. Vinal. $2.

GREAT FRENCH SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Lewis Melville*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

History

THE HISTORY OF HITCHIN. By REGINALD L. HINE. Vol. I. London: Allen and Unwin. 1928.

This is an attractive type of local history, well printed, well illustrated, pleasantly written, and enlivened with copious extracts from local records. The manor, the church, and a Carmelite priory give body and distinction to the theme, the agrarian aspects of which are familiar to readers of Seebohm's "English Village Community." This volume is above the average of such works, having the advantage of suggestion and advice from the late Sir Paul Vinogradoff and other scholars of eminence.

FEUDAL GERMANY. By JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON. University of Chicago Press. 1928. $5.

This handsome and substantial volume of 700 pages is a credit to American scholarship. Save for Bryce's brilliant essay on the Holy Roman Empire and Herbert Fisher's able analysis of the Empire as a government, medieval Germany has had far less attention than it deserves from writers in English. Professor Thompson brings to his task a wide acquaintance with the contemporary sources and modern German special investigations, besides a familiarity with the general history of the period which makes possible much illuminating comparison with other countries. His work is neither narrative nor systematic, but a connected series of studies of significant phases of German institutions between the ninth and twelfth centuries, such as the church, the economic basis of political and social life, the struggle between local rights and imperial centralization. A curious chapter deals with the sentiment of Europe toward the Germans in the Middle Ages.

The freshest part of the book, at least for American readers, is devoted to the eastward expansion of Germany from the Elbe to the Oder at the expense of the Slavs. With a full realization of the importance of this theme in the general perspective of European history, the author treats it in

(*Continued on next page*)

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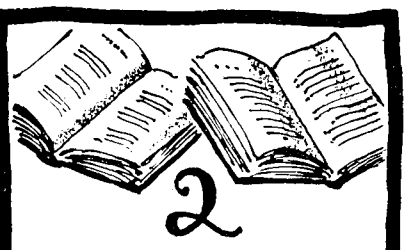

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 31. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Elegy on the old Back Bay Station at Boston. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 28th.)

Competition No. 32. Three prizes of five dollars each are offered for the best epigrams on one or all of the following subjects. E. Tunney's lecture on Shakespeare at Yale. 2. The forthcoming presidential election. 3. The death of Thomas Hardy. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 4th.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best short poem in Analysed Rhyme. Out of nearly a hundred entries I have chosen fifteen to send to Mr. Frank Kendon, the inventor of the new rhyme, who has been asked to award the prize. The winner's name will be announced as soon as Mr. Kendon's decision is received from England. In the meantime a few of the outstanding entries must be printed. Readers who did not see my recent explanations of Analysed Rhyme may be interested in a brief re-statement of the details.*

The poet takes two such words as "flame" and "brief," but separates the vowel from the consonantal sounds before looking for his rhymes. The "a" of flame is united with the "f" of brief; and the "e" of brief with the "m" of flame. This simple analysis produces the sounds "afe" and "eem" as a basis for the required rhymes. Thus safe, chafe, dream, gleam, and all true rhymes of these words, provide analysed rhymes for use in connection with brief, flame, and all their true rhymes. The principle can be best studied in the poem, quoted below, though not all of these are perfect examples.

A large number of the contestants failed to grasp the essential scheme. G. W. Mitchell, for instance, offered an excellent poem; but his intended rhyming sounds—"look," "dream," "seek," "do," — were unacceptable. "Gloom," or a word of similar sound, was necessary instead of the final "do." Again, in one of his entries, Homer M. Parsons merely resolved the discords of certain half-rhymes which have long been allowed to pass as true rhymes.

Soft may thy petals, rose of the shadows,
Lie on her bosom. South wind, so gentle,
Bearing the scent of the clover-clad meadows,
Whisper my love to her. Night, draw thy mantle.

This only faintly avails itself of the advantages of Analysed Rhyme. Mr. Parsons utilises the new rhyme scheme more elaborately in another poem which is printed below. Perhaps the most elaborate entry was *Penelope* by Deborah C. Jones.

All the clear lamplight on her hair's warm amber,
Lady Penelope, when day was done
Laid her still hands against the carven timber
Of oak about the door, and watched where ran
Red wine, ungrudging poured and careless cupped.
Only Telemachus looked dark and thin,
Uncordial near the door, his mind still wrapped
(While his eyes watched) in some grim-binding slumber
Of brooding dream; slack-muscled, sombre-lipped.
Ah! Few the hours, Penelope; so soon
Trampling and tumult, and the arrow's flight;
Then long security, the quiet wine
Of home, and at dusk the memory-breathing flute.

Miss Jones calls attention to the sonnet-like rhyme structure of this poem. The vowels rhyme aba abc abc, and the consonants aba bcb cac. This is interesting; but there is perhaps more to be said for the form of sonnet which employs twelve analysed rhymes and two true rhymes in the concluding lines. E. Murray and G. W. Mitchell wrestled effectively with the ordinary sonnet convention in this alternative way. Other names that deserve honorable mention, pending Mr. Kendon's choice, are Marshall M. Brice, Dilys Bennett, Helen Lathrop, Dalnar Devening, Elspeth, B. L. Gardner, Katharine Garvin, M. L. M., and A. H. Wilson. Unfortunately there is no space in which to print their poems. Here, however is one verse of Homer M. Parson's imitation "By the Winter Hearth."

When all the sky is dull as lead,
And flocks of geese go flying South,
And trees are stark in nakedness,
And snowflakes spit, and wires hum loud,
And frost is on the cattle's breath,
And smoke curls up from every house,
Then put the popcorn on the fire;
Bring apples red, and redder;
And toast your toes and drown your care
In a jolly jug of cider!

And "Snow on the Hills" by Frances H. Gaines, a poem perhaps rather under-sung.

Softly as dusk the first white snowfall came,
With scarce a whisper all the still night through.
At dawn, what dazzling glory in my room!
What loveliness on all the landscape lay.
Such kindly beauty, hiding all winter's starkness!
The huddled trees wore warm new shawls of white;
Dead garden, frozen field, now wore the likeness
Of the shining clouds, strayed down to rest, apart.
But ah, how soon this silence from the sky
Will melt, and rush away from hill and field,
Its new-found voice roaring, exultant, wild,
"On to the river! Down to the sea, the sea!"

Also L. M.'s "Song Against Summer."

Again the roses,
Again the rain,
The glad heart praises,
The sad makes moan.
No new thing rises;
All's as before.
Yet paler the roses,
Colder the fire
Of the sun, and dimmer
The glory of June.
O Time, consumer
Of paladin,
Of prince and lady
And mythic god,
Of each fair body—
O Time, unstayed
By prayer or praises,
To me alone
Bring no more roses,
No summer rain.

All three poems, like most of this week's experiments, are insubstantial. But it would be unfair to expect much more than a trial tune from one who attempts a new instrument for the first time. It should be possible, however, with practice, to learn to think in Analysed Rhyme no less than in ordinary rhyme, though never, perhaps, with quite the same ease. That remains to be seen.

*These were cursorily discussed in a review of Frank Kendon's "Poems and Sonnets" (SATURDAY REVIEW, April 14); and in full detail in the essay "Analysed Rhyme" in Mr. Davison's volume "Some Modern Poets" (Harper & Bros.).

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

relation to other colonizing movements, including the settlement of the American West. "What the New West meant to young America that the New East meant to medieval Germany. Each region beckoned the pioneer, the young and lusty of every generation, who sought for cheap lands and new freedom in the wilderness. What Jackson and Clay, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois meant to the history of the United States between 1815 and 1850, that Albrecht the Bear and Leopold of Babenberg, Brandenburg, and Austria, meant to Germany in the twelfth century." The parallel is suggestive, but it must not be pushed too far; as in the case of most historical parallels, the differences are quite as suggestive as the resemblances. Professor Thompson does not try to soften the ruthless character of the German conquest, with its cloak of religion and its forcible imposition of German Kultur. At the same time he emphasizes the popular character of the movement toward the East, particularly its agrarian and commercial phases, which are illustrated by abundant maps and diagrams.

THE ELEMENTS OF CRIME (PSYCHO-SOCIAL INTERPRETATION). By BORIS BRASOL. Oxford University Press. 1927. $5.

We are trying in America to-day to mete out justice to our Loebs and Leopolds, Remuses and Hickmans, under a doctrine of criminal responsibility which goes back to the McNaughten Rules, laid down in England in 1843 and conforming only remotely to present-day psychiatric concepts. Partisan alienists testify before inexpert jurors, while the public grows increasingly suspicious of psychiatry, in which, if it can be saved from both its friends and its enemies, lies the greatest hope of clearing some of the fog from our courtrooms.

M. Brasol is that *rara avis*, a trained prosecutor with a broad background of research, scientific rather than legalistic in nature. He is therefore able to perform the difficult and necessary feat of pointing the way to reconciling the legal aspects of crime with the social and psychological aspects. Concerning himself with studying the underlying causes of criminality and not with registering its external manifestations or describing modes of investigation and prevention, he analyzes in this work, first, the more important social causes and, second, the psycho-physical characteristics of the criminal.

The major social causes of criminality he finds in economic factors, although he disagrees with the Marxian theory of crime, in the virtual decay of religion, the tendency toward destruction of the family, the predominance of materialistic and mechanistic ideology in education, the spread of undiscriminating journalism, the perversion of literature and art, and the inadequacy of legislation. His discussion of these causes draws on both American and European evidence, but his conclusions are obviously weighted heavily by his opinions of the Soviet régime in Russia, from which he is now an émigré after serving as prosecuting attorney of the St. Petersburg Supreme Court. M. Brasol is perhaps too pessimistic over the present trend of social forces throughout the world. One can only agree, however, with his conclusions as to what constitute the major social factors promoting that egocentric tendency in the individual which he calls the generic cause of crime.

(*Concluded on page* 872)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

H. C. F., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks if there have been recent additions to "the literature of escape, such as Dunsany, James Stephens, and sometimes Barrie have provided for those still willing to take the supernatural for granted."

THE American foot-traveler heading toward Stonehenge from Old Sarum wonders with every stride how anything so small as England can hold anything so large as Salisbury Plain. The reader of present-day fiction marvels in like manner that in a civilization so compact and congested as England's, there should be so much room and time for the vast reaches of the marvellous and the undaunted survivals of pagan joy. With all our wide open spaces, with all the time there is, waiting for us, there has not been room in American fiction for a fairy, an incantation, a draught of magic, since "Thunder on the Left," save for the imperturbable Mr. Nathan's "The Woodcutter's House" (Bobbs), till Esther Forbes offered us this Spring "A Mirror for Witches" (Houghton), and even here the loving huntsman is a roving man, and the cool eye of modern psychology overlooks all. It has not Lolly Willowes's genial acceptance of the supernatural, but it is for all that a genuine escape into the unearthly by the right, honest, historical road,—the complete title being "A Mirror for Witches in which is reflected the Life, Machinations, and Death of Famous Doll Bilby, who with a more than *feminine perversity*, preferred a Demon to a Mortal Lover. Here is also told how and why a Righteous and Most Awfull JUDGEMENT befell her, destroying both Corporeal Body and Immortal Soul"—this taking place near Salem. The novel may thus be recommended with equal earnestness to two quite different sets of readers.

But British authors of to-day produce pure fantasy in such profusion that the Viking Press alone has published a shelf-ful. "Lolly" led off, then Sylvia Townsend Warner's second idyl, "Mr. Fortune's Maggot"; then Edith Olivier's "The Love Child," genuine parthenogenesis, in which one human being actually creates another out of space by the power of loneliness. Then came Bea Howe's "A Fairy Leapt Upon my Knee," introducing the only quite convincing fairy in adult literature, and remembering even Tinker Bell, I still say so. This is the fairy for which at an early age I built cabins out of match-sticks in the dining-room flower-pots under the palms—not that I believed one would come there in the night, but in case—This creature, somewhat damaged and disreputable, bumps into the lives of two young people for whom she cares not at all and at whom she only buzzes angrily, but just her being there opens their eyes for them.

Now comes from the Viking the best of all these, T. F. Powys's "Mr. Weston's Good Wine." Skittish readers should be warned that there can be no doubt that the travelling merchant in the Ford is none other than the First Person of the Trinity, passing through Folly Down for much the same purpose that, according to Jerome, the Second Person passed through the third floor back. There is no theatricalism about this robust and tender story, and, for all its pungent village humor, no flippancy.

Though James Stephens has given us this year, in "Etched in Moonlight" (Macmillan), something to stand with his best, I cannot advise it as an escape out of everyday, even if the leading story is a dream within a dream. The realism even of the double-dreaming is so compelling that one finds himself glancing into the glass to make sure that he is still there, and as for "Hunger," see what it does to your ideas of unemployment! Donn Byrne, who stands for Ireland as much as for America, escapes out of to-day into the Dark Ages in "Crusade" (Little), and aghast at false followers of the Cross, plunges for protest into Islam. But an American author who has just burst the barriers of time and space as lightly as if they were the tissue on a circus hoop is Edward Hope, whose "Alice in the Delighted States" has just been given to the world by the Dial Press. Given, but they won't all take it; when these entrancing outbursts were taking place in the *Herald-Tribune* one might tell from the face of one of this newspaper's readers across a Subway train, when he had come upon it. He either scowled bitterly or beamed from ear to ear. As one who did not scowl, I am sending this about to certain of my friends, here and overseas, in whose newspaper instalments there are resented gaps. Or take the case of the advertising man in Harford Powel's "The Virgin Queene" (Little), who realized with the production of the first startling sentence of this book that he couldn't stand his job one more moment, turned it over to his partner, bought a manor-house not far from Kenilworth, and became involved in one of the most amusing adventures of the season. The gayety of this novel never loses breath, and it makes an ideal steamer book, but there is a genuine "escape" in it, and you are permitted to wonder if this has not been into the supernatural.

B. W., New York, has frequent inquiries for books on problems concerning sex relations, and asks for a brief list.

THE best book for the information of children—which means in most cases for the information of their parents—is "Growing Up," by Karl de Schweinitz (Macmillan), prepared with the cooperation of an imposing list of medical, social, pedagogical and psychiatric authorities and agencies, but far from awesome in its text or general arrangement. Its strong point is its straightforward vocabulary and corresponding directness in statement. In this a number of other books for instruction of young children are suggested. For older readers there are "From Youth into Manhood," by Winfield S. Hall (Association Press), and "For Girls and the Mothers of Girls," by Mary G. Hood (Bobbs): the evolution of sex is the subject of Geddes and Thomson's "Sex" in the Home University Library (Holt). I infer from the question that such problems as arise in the lives of everyday people are to be the subjects of the needed books, so I suggest Maude Royden's "Sex and Commonsense" (Putnam), as likely to meet the needs of the greater number.

F. S. G., Harrisburg, Ill., asks for a book to accompany a club's study of Italy.

IF this is a "travel club," Clara E. Laughlin's "So You're Going to Rome" (Houghton) would be excellent: such a club should use a map when it makes its program, and mark its progress meeting by meeting, gathering such information as to actual travel as will be useful in case they go and illusion-giving if they must stay at home. I would not advise anything so obvious had I not found to my surprise that it is the last thing most "travel clubs" do. Miss Laughlin's guides are to thousands of American vacationers what she said at the dinner on the *Leviathan* that launched this one, it was possible for books to be—letters of introduction to the great, living or dead. They are also aids to their having a good time. Her advice to those whose funds are small to select one "glory spot" and make inexpensive excursions from that centre instead of trying to tour on too narrow a margin of time and money, makes just as good advice for a study club following routes on paper—a program of five or six cities, with surroundings, gives good results.

F. P. S., Lancaster, Pa., wishes to make a program for club study of Russia, under the heads: Historical Background, The Revolution, Since the Revolution, Russian Literature.

ALEKSANDER KORNILOV'S "Modern Russian History" (Knopf) is the one most Americans read first who are reading on this subject: this goes to 1916 and emphasizes the social and political forces at work since 1801. The one-volume edition published in 1924 has a bibliography. With this I would read and keep on hand for reference "Russia from the Varangians to the Bolsheviks" (Oxford University Press). The first section, beginning with legendary times, closes with the founding of the empire under Ivan III.; the second goes to the death of Catherine II., and the third to the abdication of the late Czar. The authors are Charles Raymond Beazley, Neville Forbes and George Arthur Birkett. For The Revolution—or rather, to start an American reader upon a journey through many a book about the Revolution—the most satisfactory source of information seems to me to be the series of reports by Edward A. Ross: "Russia in Upheaval," "The Russian Bolshevik Revolution," and "The Russian Soviet Republic," all published by the Century Company. These are temperate without being tepid and let events speak for themselves, the writer's aim being apparently to get them before the reader as clearly as possible for an outsider. The latest of these goes to 1922; since then I have read not a few reports, but the one that seems to me best adapted to the needs of a reading club like this is "Present-Day Russia," by Ivy Lee (Macmillan). This makes no claims to inside information and shows no signs of special literary gifts; Mr. Lee, whose position in finance proves him sufficiently hardheaded to make him a fair witness, spent two weeks in Russia last May.

Before so much as beginning to plan a course in Russian literature, read "The Soul of the Russian Revolution" by Moissaye J. Olgin (Holt), published in the honeymoon days of the Revolution, but staying in print because it shows with singular persuasiveness the development of the revolutionary idea and its manifestations in literature. Maurice Baring's "Outline of Russian Literature" (Holt) is one of the valuable little dollar-volumes of the Home University Library: it goes to 1905: Prince Mirsky's "Modern Russian Literature" is one of the recent additions to the series called "World's Manuals," published by the Oxford University Press at $1.10. For outlining a reading list these will be very useful. There are now so many translations that following out such a course should not be difficult.

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THERE are at least two bridge experts who see no reason why a good bridge book need be as tortuous as a legal tome and as heavy as a pachyderm. They are Hugh Tuite, whose new book, "Mrs. Pottleton's Bridge Parties," is just out, and Sidney S. Lenz, the world's champion bridge player, who wrote its sprightly Foreword.

If you have read Hugh Tuite's rollicking "So They Played Bridge—And How!" you already know the Pottleton Bridge Club. And you know how painlessly Mr. Tuite teaches you the fine points of the game in fascinating narrative form. Sometimes these Pottleton bridge-fests are mild and well-behaved. Frequently they are wild and soul-trying. But at all times they are enlighteningly instructive—both to beginners and to experienced players.

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Kelmscott Press

IT was a very lucky turn of Fate that placed in the hands of the exhibition committee of the Grolier Club an unusual collection of Kelmscott Press material at the very same time that an almost equally comprehensive showing of the work of the Merrymount Press is being exhibited by the Institute of Graphic Arts in New York. These two presses are very far from being the whole of the Revival of Printing, but all the rest is secondary to these two, technically as well as historically. It will be a long while before there can possibly be so good an opportunity to see just what the Revival has meant.

The outstanding feature of the exhibition at the Grolier Club is, perforce, the Kelmscott Chaucer. There are two copies of this epochal volume printed on vellum, and, except for the copy that Morris gave his wife, which is safely in a London museum, beyond question the best two in Morris's own opinion. One is the copy be laid aside for himself, and the other contains his inscription presenting it to the artist of the illustrations which are a large part of the glory of the volume, Edward Burne-Jones.

The student of book illustration has a chance here to follow the whole course of the pictures in the Chaucer. There are three of Burne-Jones's original pencil sketches, which were not used, being discarded as not satisfactory, but representing none the less accurately the first step. The second is the complete series of the sketches as prepared for the wood-engraver, with the artist's final touches. Next comes an equally complete series of proofs of the illustrations, as framed by Morris himself to hang in his own office.

As an appendage to this exhibition, Mr. Marsden J. Perry of Providence is printing, at the Merrymount Press, for presentation to the members of the Grolier Club, a catalogue of his collection of Kelmscott Press books and memorabilia, consisting principally of copies which came from Morris's library or from that of Henry C. Marrillier.

Various New Issues

FROM the Golden Cockerel Press, by way of Random House, New York, come two books. "The Ladies' Pocket Book of Etiquette," written in 1838 by "A. F.," is a book to amuse, instruct and annoy the self-conscious "we moderns." I lent the book to one of them, and after reading the chapter on "Waltzing"—this "anti-English dance which will very soon be banished from society"—she observed flippantly that she would have been all right if she had stopped with the waltz! Probably this book was as arbitrary a counsel of perfection (!) as its fellows of today, but there is an hour's wonder in reading what the mentors of the early days of Victoria thought about manners and morals. The book has four appropriate and charming engravings by Hester Sainsbury, and is printed and bound in perfect modesty.

An edition of the Psalms of David, from the same Press is a good library and reading edition. It is printed in a large face of type (apparently Caslon, though with deformity of shortened descenders) set off with initials in black, blue and red, and marginal verse numbers, well-printed on hand-made paper. It is an admirable piece of Golden Cockerel work, more attractive than some of the issues of this Press because of much more careful inking.

"THE Book in Italy," by William Dana Orcutt—which will be reviewed later.

"THE Book of the Western Ocean," by Nellis M. Crouse, is issued by William Morrow & Co.—not a very good piece of printing—a title-page flamboyant but not good, and a careless use of linotype Caslon—but with some well-reproduced maps from old sources.

FROM Payson & Clarke comes "Vincent van Gogh," translated from the German of J. Meier-Graefe by J. Holroyd Reece. This is all that a book ought not to be—physically: brashy paper, awkward bulk, bad margins. Would the Sign of the Pegasus stand for such book-making?

"THE Diary of Thomas De Quincey, 1803," reproduced in replica as well as in print from the original manuscripts has been published in this country by Payson & Clarke. The original MS., which serves as the size for this edition, was a quarto of some sixty pages, containing, in the words of the editor, Professor Horace A. Eaton of Syracuse University, "miscellaneous memoranda, jottings of phrases and words . . . a list of his favorite poets, and another of his intended works, accounts of money received and spent," etc. The book is fully annotated, and furnished with a reproduction in color of a miniature of De Quincey, made at the time this Diary was written—1803. As original material (hitherto unpublished) for a slight portion of De Quincey's life, the book is worth while, and will be valuable to students. And it has the added virtue, none too common in such work, of being satisfactorily printed.

WHETHER it is the spring sap running, or the influence of modernistic European typography I do not know, but a sheaf of spring lists from American publishers appear in gorgeous raiment. Payson & Clarke, as might be looked for, present an intensely up-to-the-minute cover, but Boni & Liveright's is perhaps the most effective. Fine feathers do not always betoken equally fine—or rejuvenated birds within. And good printing is a matter of careful design through and through. Payson & Clarke's list is consistently modernistic throughout—unlovely, as modernistic work is, but striking, and, for a small list, effective. The most choicely printed list is that from Random House, typographically very nice indeed. The catalogues of the presses of the University of Chicago and University of Pennsylvania show careful, dignified printing, eminently suitable to the character of the publications. Of the more extended lists, that of Knopf shows the most care in planning and printing, set in very small type, but admirably done.

Announced for Publication

"THREE Tales from Pierre Louys, translated from the French by Davis L. James, Jr.," by the Fleuron Press (L. A. Braverman), Cincinnati. 8vo. 500 copies. $5.

"Doctrine Breve," a facsimile reproduction of the edition printed by Bishop Zumarrage, Mexico City, 1544. By the United States Catholic Historical Society. From the unique copy in the Hispanic Society library, New York City.

"The Scottish Psalter," by Washburn & Thomas. Small 12mo, 370 pp. 300 copies (225 for America). Typography by Bruce Rogers. $25.00.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Concluded from page* 870)

In his section on the psycho-physical nature of crime he makes use of material of recognized validity in the field of anthropology, biology, and psychology to discover both the normalities and the abnormalities which lead to crime. There is a valuable chapter on the interrelation of mental diseases and crime and an especially timely chapter on the legal aspect of mental responsibility in criminal cases, with a description of American and European practice in cases involving the testimony of the alienist.

The work throughout has added value for Americans because of the wealth of data which the author draws from European sources not easily available to those not poly-lingual. The bibliography is unusually comprehensive and cosmopolitan.

HB

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A Tolstoy Society has been formed to celebrate in 1928 the centenary of Tolstoy's birth and to further the production of a complete edition of *Aylmer Maude's* translation of Tolstoy. The American Branch of the Oxford University Press will publish the edition in this country. The edition will be limited to a total of eleven hundred sets for all countries (one thousand for sale), and will be complete in twenty-one volumes. The price will be sixty-five dollars for the set of twenty-one volumes, payable on delivery of the first seven volumes, or payment may be made in three yearly instalments of twenty-two dollars. *Viscountess Gray* of *Falloden* is President of the Society, and associated with her are the *Hon. Maurice Baring, John Drinkwater, Gilbert Murray, Prince Mirsky, John Galsworthy,* the *Countess of Oxford and Asquith* and others as Vice Presidents. In New York the Society is represented by *Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Robert Underwood Johnson, William Lyon Phelps, Charles R. Crane, Hamlin Garland,* and *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* . . .

Christopher Ward is now the happy author of "The Saga of Capt. John Smith," an extended and diverting bit of versifying which Harper's is to issue in bookform shortly. . . .

There never cease, seemingly, to be new editions of Villon. The latest is said by Pascal Covici of Chicago to be really definitive. The translation has been done by the Chicago poet, *J. U. Nicolson,* author of "The King of the Black Isles," etc. *Alexander King* has done the illustrations. The volume contains all the known poems of Villon as well as all the attributed poems, and this is said to be the first translation into English verse of the seven famous ballades in argot. Hitherto undiscovered acrostics have been found in some of the ballades and a hitherto undiscovered meaning written into "The Great Testament." This two-volume edition is limited to 960 numbered sets, priced at twenty dollars. . .

On the eve of the third centenary of *John Webster,* "the most tragic of Elizabethan dramatists," Houghton Mifflin announce the first complete edition of his works that has ever been published. *F. L. Lucas* has edited it. This is said to be a monument to English scholarship and a permanent contribution to the literature of the Elizabethan age. Twenty-five dollars are charged for the four volumes. . . .

"What'll We Do Now?" published by Simon and Schuster, tells you what to do with yourselves at parties. Anybody who "throws" a number of parties should, it seems to us, possess this handbook. It ought to save great wear and tear on the wits. . .

The editor, *Randolph G. Phillips,* has sent us a copy of the *Columbia Spectator Literary Review,* a critical books' supplement to a college daily paper, modelled on well-known principles. We welcome the idea of these literary supplements, which have been taking hold in the colleges, run in connection with the college dailies. We think they perform a useful function. We note in this particular issue of this particular one the start of a series of intimate portraits of "Literati Professores" in verse. This one is concerned with *Mark Van Doren,* well known as a poet and as literary editor of *The Nation.* It starts as follows:

He speaks of days when Fielding trod the earth,
With easy grace his epigrams find birth,
The while he picks up tiny specks of dust
And looks out through the window with a lust
For air and open space. His grin in deep
For those who understand—The others sleep.

The details for a prize contest for the best essay on "The Money Illusion" by *Professor Irving Fisher* are about to be announced shortly by his publishers, The Adelphi Company. Several thousand dollars will be offered in prizes. More complete information may be obtained by writing either to Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, or to the Adelphi Company, 112 E. 19th Street, New York City. . . .

Arthur Davison Ficke, the poet, writes us that he is returning to New York, after three years in New Mexico. He is now almost completely restored to health, and intends to spend the summer upstate. . . .

We hear it rumored that *Rudyard Kipling* is visiting the United States next year. He will probably lecture, if we understand these whispers correctly. . . .

William Beebe and his wife, *Elswyth Thane,* are over in England, whence they will return in June. While on the other side Mr. Beebe will give lectures at Oxford, Cambridge, London University, and before the Zoological Society of London. He lately completed the manuscript of his new book, "Beneath Tropic Seas," which deals with last year's expedition to Haiti, and which will be published by Putnam's early in the Autumn. . . .

And so, comrades, leave us here a little!

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Meantime, *The Inner Sanctum* has been receiving tributes to the Story of Philosophy million-reader second anniversary from several notables, and quotes here a few representative excerpts:

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Points of View

As to Iowa

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I wish that some kindly soul would explain why it is that literary persons from the mid-West are so ashamed of their native heath. My ears constantly assailed by their depreciations I, for a long time, was bewildered and then shocked by their cringing disloyalty. Mayhap, I am a bit thick-headed, because, for a time, I took it all in as criticism of the mid-West. At a small gathering one day I came to see the light of day, so to speak. Persons there spoke of the "low horizon" in the literature of Iowa, and most of them seemed a bit ashamed, not only of its literary production, but that they were a part of it—of its blood and bone. They hastened to offer apologies for the accident of their birth; and when, at this gathering, I was asked if I had read a certain writer and I responded that I had and that I read him mainly because of his beautiful prose, my inquisitor chortled: "That's rather a poor reason for reading him, isn't it?" I have since come to wonder if these selfsame people should not be classed with the enemies of the good Doctor Stockmann.

And I have wondered, too, if it is not a tacit admission of inferiority? Probably the result of imbibing too much of Mr. Mencken's vinegarish wine. They have cringed before his fusillade of brickbats, admitted him to be, without a fight, their king and forthwith became his fuglemen, while none but nincompoops have had the hardihood to fight him back. Every time that boob shocker opens his oracular mouth they roar an anthem of "Amens." Uncritical? I should not call it that!

It is sad and rather tragic to me, for I, notwithstanding its abominable climate, am attached to the state—this place of "low horizons"; and if I were one born with the love of its black loam in my blood I should use on such people as Mr. Nevins that line in "The Alchemist" which runs in part: "Away, sir, I . . . . !" For I, an emigré from the chivalrous Southland, have found these people fairly tolerant and congenial and I have found that ideas do gain circulation here. Certainly it can not be contended that it is as moribund as the New England painted by Mr. Howells. I don't suppose I am disclosing a dark secret when I say that even Mr. Carl Van Vechten survived a nurturing on Iowa soil.

I don't believe that I have ever read in all my life a more distorted picture of a country than Mr. Nevins gives of Iowa in his review of Ruth Suckow's "The Bonney Family." If I had not known Iowa I should have said after reading the review that Iowa was a place where the sun never shines, a land of eternal darkness, and a land of bedraggled and mulish people. And I think it unfair to Iowa to say that Ruth Suckow is the authentic voice of the poor State. I can see how one may be influenced by her meticulous and photographic prose and by the narrow, empty lives she depicts; but I believe I may assure the unwary reader that there are people in Iowa who live with some gusto and who have blood coursing their veins. That it is a crude life, I shall readily admit; but it is, indeed, unfortunate that Mr. Mencken and others should tout the narrow, inane persons of her stories as being representative of the people of the State. I have no doubt that Miss Suckow has pictured faithfully the life she knows; but it is certainly an unusual picture for any community—a grubby, passionless environment. A slice of that life? Yes; but, good God! a steady diet of it? The bald fact is that the lives of such people are not worth the effort it takes to record them. I fear that Miss Suckow, when she lived in Iowa, never permitted her eyes to stray outside the drab and dust covered church windows; and I have often wondered whether she ever knew any person whose blood sometimes grew warm.

DUDLEY CARROLL.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

What Is Art?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

There will be many, I am sure, who will set out confidently to enlighten Mr. Charles A. Bennett on the subject which he puzzles over in the *Review* of March 31st under the heading, "What then is Art?" That is not my intention. Having engaged in many disputations on various themes and never having convinced anybody of anything, I have modestly concluded that facts may perhaps be communicated by one man to another, but not meanings; for meanings, it seems, can only be evolved out of personal experience. Knowledge can be imparted, but not wisdom. In this letter, therefore, my purpose is not to enlighten Mr. Bennett, for to attempt that would not only be futile but also impertinent; it is simply to describe the reasoning by which I, as a lay philosopher, have arrived at answers to the questions which he asks, with the hope that by adopting a similar method he may arrive at similar conclusions which may, or may not, satisfy him to the degree that they satisfy me.

What Mr. Bennett wants to do, if I understand him correctly, is to find a logical justification for the importance which we attach to art. We *feel* that art is important from our personal experience and from our observation of the behavior of others; but to understand clearly just why it is important is so difficult that critics never cease to exercise themselves over the problem. We know that science is significant because it has been pragmatically successful in telling us something about reality; and because we feel that art is equally significant we naturally desire to believe that it is also concerned with reality and not simply with meaningless dreams. The question to be answered, then, is this: What is the connection, if any between art and reality?

The first step in the solution of our problem would obviously seem to be to arrive at a clear conception of the term "reality," for without that we can get nowhere. I will define the conception which I shall use in this discussion: Reality exists neither in the external world nor subjectively in the consciousness, but in the relationship between the two; reality, like all things else, is relative. E. g., there is the apple, which I assume to have an objective existence, and there is my idea of the apple. There is no significance in my saying that only the objective apple is real, or that only my idea of the apple is real. I am conscious only of how the apple affects me through my senses. The relationship between the apple and me is real; and that is all I can know of reality, and all I can mean by the term.

Using this conception of reality we can, I believe, clarify our understanding of the significance of both art and science. Although man is a unified living organism he bears a double relationship to his environment; or, rather, there are two aspects of a single relationship: one that is primarily intellectual, the other primarily emotional. Science is concerned with the first, art with the second. And since reality, as defined above, is relative, and since both art and science are concerned with the relationship existing between man and his environment, then both art and science are concerned with reality, but in different ways. To use the apple again as an example: science will measure and analyze it, and describe it precisely and completely, so that we can become fully conscious of the intellectual relationship existing between the apple and ourselves; art, on the other hand, through its various mediums, will endeavor to express completely the feelings inspired in us by the apple, in order that we may become fully conscious of the emotional relationship existing between the apple and ourselves. The findings of science we call truth; the findings of art beauty—and both are real, both have meaning, and both are relative; and one is as important as the other.

With this in mind we can go back to Mr. Bennett's three theories of artistic "truth" which he finds unsatisfactory. The view of art as diversion and escape immediately becomes absurd. Art is concerned with the self-realization of our emotional nature; it increases our self-consciousness; it contributes to the growth of our personality, and therefore is the very opposite of diversion and escape. But it deals with feeling primarily, however, and not with intellect. To question a poet about the scientific truth of his statements is irrelevant, for he is not concerned with that, but with the way something in his environment has moved him. Truth in art lies in the genuineness, depth, and range of feeling, not in the logical exactitude of its observations. If a painter draws a woman's arms as long as her legs he does not mean that if we measured them we would actually find her anatomy so peculiar, but simply that he felt them to be in that proportion. We would be justified, perhaps, in concluding that his feeling was so individual as to be of no importance. But the point is that we must judge him by the soundness of his feeling and not by the correctness of his science.

In his consideration of the second and third theories of art Mr. Bennett's difficulty is, I think, that he wants art to tell us the truth about reality, but he has failed to realize that there are "true" emotions as well as true ideas, and also that reality is not objective and external, but relative, and emotional as well as intellectual. There is no meaning in the statement that the external world is "real," because we know nothing of it except how it affects us through our senses. If we had four senses instead of five, or a different set of senses altogether, our description of nature would be quite different from what it is. When we describe nature we are describing only the relationship which exists between it and ourselves in so far as we are conscious of it, and in that description art plays a part quite as essential as science. A rainbow means far more to us than what science can tell us of it, and we love a friend no more and no less because we understand his anatomy. Our feelings are as real as our ideas; our emotional development as important as an increase in our understanding. We call true that which satisfies our intellectual self-consciousness, and beautiful that which satisfies our emotional self-consciousness. Both truth and beauty are relative; and they are real—as real as reality, which is relative also.

I modestly suggest that Mr. Bennett use these ideas in solving his problems and see if he gets the same answers that I do.

G. R. WALKER.

The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation moved on May first to new and larger quarters at Fifty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue. Their address is the International Magazine Building at that locality.

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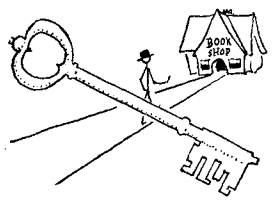

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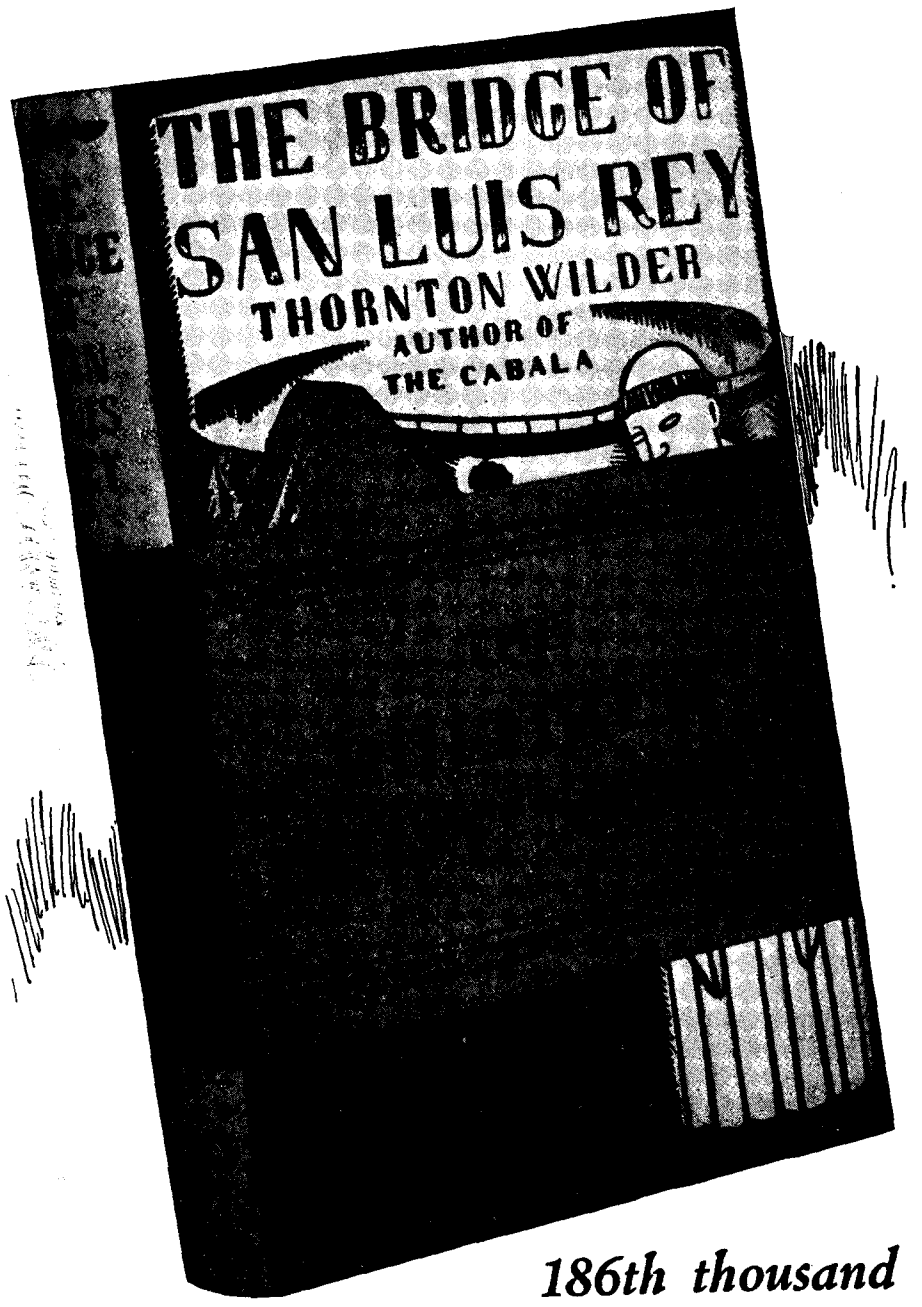

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